

About the Author

David Gletty was born and raised in Orlando, Florida. He has a true love for the outdoors and is a self-confessed "adrenaline junkie." His Florida roots caused him to get involved in wrestling alligators that won him the moniker "Gator Gletty." In-line speed skating ability later led to a starring role on a professional roller derby team. As an ardent surfer and a fitness fanatic, David also spends weeks each year in the Appalachian Mountains teaching survival training. His strong sense of patriotism, willingness to challenge himself physically and quick wittedness in dangerous situations, led him to be chosen to work as an undercover operative for the FBI. His training and experiences have led him to work as a licensed private investigator throughout the U.S.

He is currently writing several books about his experiences as they become declassified.

"I have checked out Mr. Gletty's story by asking the FBI, reading Federal court documents and reading police reports from Jacksonville, Florida to Lansing, Michigan and everything he has told us checks out to be true."

Tony Pippitone, Investigative Reporter
CBS news affiliate, Orlando, Florida

"David Gletty has worked in an Undercover capacity for the FBI for many years and many assignments covering areas such as drugs, National Security, Extremist Groups and weapons, and has had very good and credible results in all of those assignments."

Special Agent Kevin Farrington, FBI
Public Record Statement given under oath in Federal Court

This action-packed exposé will reveal the inner workings of extremist groups infiltrated by FBI operative David Gletty that led to the arrest and conviction of dozens of individuals of these groups. In his 4-year stint uncovering criminal activities of organizations such as the Ku Klux Klan, the White Power Movement, the League of the South, and Skinhead organizations, David Gletty exposes their philosophies and plans that were made if America elected a black President.

"An action-packed powerful story that exposes how groups for what they are and Gletty's patriotic sacrifice to take out these criminals and thugs."

— Gary Roen
Nationally Syndicated Book Reviewer



 The FBI Infiltration of
Extremist Groups in America

David Gletty





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DEDICATION

Joe and I dedicate our story to the millions of people across our planet that have suffered at the hands of racists and hatemongers. It was worth all of the hard work and risking our lives.

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Due to the nature of his undercover work, ongoing investigations and the security issue of the information derived, all statements contained in this book are the expressed testimony of David Gletty. Mr. Gletty attests to the accuracy of the information whereas the publisher is not able to verify all facts presented in his autobiography.

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Mother, your unconditional love and support was the foundation of my strength and character. Thank you for life and for teaching me that skin color, religion or nationality is "only the book cover of humanity."

Joe: Because no mission ever would have been completed without your loyalty and unyielding support.

To all the FBI patriots that helped us over the years: Your sacrifice for your country is greatly appreciated.

Agent Kevin and the FBI of Maitland, Florida: Thanks for letting me serve my country for so many years.

The Publisher: Thanks for the vision and dedication it took to get this book to print.

To all law-abiding Americans that stand tall and stand up for what is right.

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PROLOGUE

To the better part of Maitland and Orlando this was just the day after the first day of summer, hot, humid and muggy. As the locals went about their daily routines, I can assure you they were oblivious to the "The White Power Movement" which almost took up residence in their backyards. Their prejudiced, evil, sick minds hid behind the rhetoric of their beliefs.

However, for us this evening could possibly contain just the right mix to become a landmark occurrence. We were exhausted; the struggle of portraying a character that grated against everything we believed in depleted every other part of our lives...

Our game plan was to forge a connection, to become skilled at the lingo, while establishing a presence. The dynamics of our transition effectively gained their trust as it encouraged friendships and opened the door to multiple key extremist groups across the United States.

Partying with the skinheads was where the FBI wanted us. We had hit the bull's eye... *this was no longer a dress rehearsal. Joe and I had better win an Emmy because we were literally "stepping into the lion's den."*

CHAPTER



Perfecting Our Union



Perfecting Our Union

November 4, 2008:

"A day that, rest assured, will go down in history as "The Dawning of a New America" and possibly the world. From sea to sea and nation to nation, mankind cheered for an America whose founding fathers conceived a Constitution that unmistakably defined '*All Men Are Created Equal*' and this day brought those words to fruition: by the people."

My name is David Gletty. As I approached the idea of bringing my story to life as an undercover operative for the FBI, never would I have imagined that in my lifetime I would be witness to such history in the making. For the times I literally evolved into someone I didn't even recognize infiltrating the "White Power Movement" to protect America and the Constitution, I am vindicated. When the news broke that America had elected its first black president, Barack Obama, I was wrought with emotion. I sat pensively reflecting my past, as images of the Klan, Nazis, and Skinheads flickered through my mind like a motion picture in fast forward. With such satisfaction, I envisioned all of them distraught and in despair that an Aryan America was no longer possible.

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David Gletty

A great man once wrote, "*In order to form a more perfect union*" and despite the fact that nothing is ever perfect, the die has been cast, and as a true American I will never stop trying. I am convinced that a once silent voice of honor and justice emerged within me and led the way for my presence of mind, to find what I do best. Anyone who believes in the American way would understand the disgust I felt as I witnessed the hate and prejudice these groups evoke. America is in transition, but we must never forget that such a mindset still exists in this wonderful country of ours.

I imagine we all are destined for a particular role in life and, as I look back, even in my youth I never feared adversity, but looked it square in the eye. The challenge of the unknown fascinated me, and the audacity of danger, in effect, was the foundation that brought about my Legal Militia Team, which was like training in acting school for a major role.

Remarkably, some consider The Legal Militia to have ties with the White Supremacist organizations, who are clearly anti-Semitic and racists. It is quite the contrary and everything we stand for honors America and the Constitution. The Legal Militia was formed long before the adoption of our Constitution to provide and execute the laws of the Union. The militia groups served to suppress insurrection and repel invasions. When the Constitution became the law of the land, it stated that the Militia was primarily a state and citizen soldiery, and federal use as such would be limited to home service. Legislation and judicial decision marked the distinction, and explicitly describes the militia as a group of private citizens who train for military duty in order to be ready to defend their state or country in times of emergency.

I was a Tree Surgeon by trade and although it kept me outdoors, it hardly filled the need for adventure and challenge. Everything the Militia stood for was right up my alley. The formula of physical demand, the defiance of nature, combined with loyalty for my

Undercover Nazi

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country and the constitution, was intoxicating. We trained and taught survival in the rugged landscape of the Appalachian Mountains several times a year to remain fit and ready should tragedy come about. Our trials included venturing into obscure places and staging an actual search and rescue assignment. We contrived, organized, and played out all things from tracking missing children, to wildfires, natural disasters and any hardship we regarded as pertinent if our government required our service in times of need. The collaboration was also the beginning of a lifelong friendship and companionship with Joe. I met him by happenstance and sensed from the beginning that we shared a common cause. I must admit that we were cautious, but accepted unspoken trust which transformed into a blueprint for success.

It was in the late '90s and we were in the Appalachian Mountains. There were occasions when we came into contact with other militia, but for the most part kept our distance. Over the years we found ourselves too often face to face with the same group. As human nature would have it, from time to time we made small talk as a preventive measure. Being on the defensive is a characteristic for survival and I instinctively knew not to trust them or their motives.

We were whitewater rafting on the French Broad River on one of our many visits and when we came ashore, there they were again. I knew there was no time like the present to come face to face with a group who obviously were not loyal to America. Being armed with weapons did not make us superior because they too packed steel, and my group understood that a casual demeanor was necessary for this encounter. We were relaxing, having lunch and making small talk when their headman (whom from now on I will refer to as *The Crazy Mountain Man*) started a one-on-one with me. Naturally I was on guard and positive I was conversing with the enemy. I also knew Joe would have my back.

This was before 9/11 and, as the particulars of this event unfold, you will understand why this is relevant. I named him *The Crazy Mountain Man* because on occasion when I had scrutinized him from afar, his demeanor seemed demented. Much to my surprise he was not acting crazy; in fact he was calm and very much to the point. We had encountered him several times already when we did our survival training. Although I was clueless as to what would follow, my internal antenna was always alert and waiting. On this occasion, He placed his hand on my shoulder, almost as though we were long lost friends and quietly told me to listen very carefully as he said, "I understand that your group is from Orlando." I replied, "Uh huh."

He had my undivided attention the moment he mentioned Orlando and it reinforced my suspicion that they must have been checking us out. We were a tough and dedicated group, and if he had been tracking us it would have been enough to convince him that we were exactly what he needed. His perception of a militia was to protect yourself from the government of your country but our reasons were to train to serve the people of our country in time of need.

He proceeded to divulge his connection with al-Qaeda and of a pending mission of attack. Because we were from Orlando we presented value, because Epcot's parking lot in Walt Disney World and the Capitol building in Washington, D.C. were the marked locations for the dirty deed they planned on executing simultaneously. As he continued on with explicit details of 30 suitcases packed with bombs and a target date of April 20, it took everything in me to keep a cool demeanor.

These were not typical bombs, but nuclear, and he referred to them as dirty bombs. I was looking him square in the eyes as he explained that the explosion would be minuscule, but would inject a radioactive gas that would penetrate the atmosphere and kill thousands of Americans within 24 hours. Despite his monotone, a glimpse of crazy behavior surfaced when he explained

that April 20 was Adolph Hitler's birthday and he would celebrate twofold.

The whole time he spoke I was mentally recording every detail; by now I knew what I had to do. It wasn't my job to decide whether this man was crazy or not, but it was my responsibility as an American citizen to contact the proper authorities. He kept his hand steady on my shoulder and despite making my blood boil, any behavior other than all fired up could be detrimental. We parted with a handshake and arranged to meet in three months to set the stage for al-Qaeda's plot.

My first instinct was to head right back to Orlando, but I was positive they were watching us. Leaving would be a dead giveaway and I wasn't willing to put my men in jeopardy. We headed up river the following morning en route to the mountains, while they moved along slowly about a mile behind us. My gut instinct to carry out our mission was on target.

Over the next six days we covered 125 miles in survival mode while their presence was apparent until the fourth morning, when they withdrew. All the while I kept al-Qaeda's plan fresh in my mind, determined not to forsake any detail when I met with the FBI.

My first phone call to the FBI (some time before, which is classified) resulted in a life change. The David that my family and friends knew was about to be left behind in the wake of a future that would embrace both danger and honor.

Directly upon my return to Orlando, I placed a call to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Maitland, Florida. Fifteen minutes later, two agents were at my door. Straightforward and to the point, they asked me to take another polygraph test the following morning. The results would determine their next step.

The polygraph validated my honesty and by the FBI's manner I knew they were ready to take action. They initially approached me with an earnest appeal that if I were to accompany them back to North Carolina they would make it worthwhile. Despite the fact that I

would have never turned them down, I must admit the compensation was inviting, as always.

Within a few days, four agents and I left for North Carolina to track down *The Crazy Mountain Man*. Asheville's Office of the FBI was our first stop and six of their agents joined the team. The next few nights were spent in a local motel strategizing our approach for insurrection into Hot Springs, North Carolina. I was confident that *The Crazy Mountain Man* either lived or spent a good part of his time there. The FBI had their own method for protection and backup, but they were depending upon my lead.

The quaint town of Hot Springs is located at the junction of the Appalachian Trail and the French Broad River. I had spent enough time there to know where the locals hung out, and they were familiar enough with me to speak freely. Thinking only that I was on another survival mission when I questioned them about *The Crazy Mountain Man*, they willingly told me he had been in a few days before and was heading into the mountains. We hung out for a while so no one would think that my questioning had an alternative motive, and then casually slipped away shortly thereafter.

My power was supported by the fact that I could maneuver through the mountain trails and anticipate every curve of the river with my eyes shut, but the anticipation of the moment was in finding a solution to put a face on this sick terrorist. We had to take a raft downriver to reach the location I knew he and his gang frequented. I hoped the open spaces and the dexterity required would relieve the apprehension and empower my thought process. Just as I had hoped, the combination of the elements and remote woodlands, together with the amusing spectacle of the FBI's maiden voyage on the river, spurred my memory.

We were approaching a celebrated location that was highly traveled by rafting groups. That was when it came to me. On former missions, we repeatedly noticed

a young lady perched on a rock capturing images of rafters on camera, and I knew immediately how to track *The Mountain Man* down. It was common knowledge that she had developed quite a web business with large corporations who escorted groups of rafters and with individuals by posting their images on her website to research and purchase. It was a beautiful day and my chances of locating her were excellent. As we stowed our rafts in the thick brush we traveled approximately another eight miles back up the river and bingo; there she was. We had to walk on train tracks beside the river because it is impossible to raft back up the river. I imagine that my quick thinking took the FBI by surprise and I'm sure that it bolstered their belief in my investigative abilities. I implicitly sensed that it was necessary to approach her alone. Knowing the mindset of the locals she would have been suspicious if we had converged on her as a group.

I had only one purpose and that was to come away with as much information as possible. How she listed the photographs was key, because obviously her images had no names and I was sure there were hundreds. As we walked toward her spot on the rocks we trailed together until she was in plain view. I signaled with my hand for the agents to stay behind and continued on with a casual approach. I explained that I had observed her on numerous occasions capturing our group as we challenged the thrilling rapids, and wanted to know how I could purchase the pictures.

At first she was extremely forthcoming, telling me about the site and that there were approximately 1,500 pictures which were posted in a time sequence. Then she spotted the agents and became visibly nervous, but I had enough information for a potential payoff, and it was time to move on.

We remained in Hot Springs for the night and early the following morning returned to the Asheville FBI office and immediately hit the computers. The *Rock Girl* wasn't exaggerating. We were looking at perhaps 1,500 photos

and if she had captured him, he would have to be right up front because it had been just a week ago. And, boom, there he was. Four pictures of The Crazy Mountain Man were before us in every angle, and together with a sketch artist I created a frontal face view that was a perfect match.

My palms can still feel the sting of the agents high fives as they shouted, "Hey, great job, Mr. Gletty! Great job." I had scored a home run; the game in North Carolina was over. The Asheville FBI now had a face for this deranged revolutionary and would be taking over from here.

We packed up and headed home. The rush of finally nailing this guy for the FBI had me so pumped up that I questioned if my excitement was over exaggerated, making it impossible for me to judge its real importance. As we traveled back to Orlando, the agents were quiet and I kept thinking of my first encounter with the *Crazy Mountain Man* that jump started an ongoing association with the FBI. I fought the need of talking to them about further assignments, and put my head back to rest, grounding myself back in reality.

At that exact moment one of the agents said, "You know, Gletty, we could use more guys like you. You up for another mission?" With my eyes still shut, this was what I had been waiting for, but I refrained from showing my excitement, until I knew exactly what they were leading up to. Sometimes being too optimistic about what's next in life can detour the plan, and I wasn't taking any chances.

This was when I knew I had accomplished the most important task; I had gained their trust even more than before. I was ecstatic yet I responded with, "Let me think about it."

I could see they were set back by my answer and had thought I would jump at the chance. I believed I was playing my cards right. We still had about three more hours until we were back in Orlando. As we were approaching home, I turned and said, "I think I

am going to take you guys up on your offer of another mission."

The capture of the Crazy Mountain Man and derailing a plot that could have brought our government to its knees was the beginning. With countless missions under our belt, we are at liberty to talk about some of them, while others remain classified.

The timeline and order of events, together with the emotional intensity that led to a *front page assignment*, is significant. The year and date when the Domestic Anti-Terrorism Joint Task Force in Orlando, Florida, earmarked the White Power Movement for our infiltration are still classified. The journey was rigorous as I metamorphosed into an *Undercover Nazi* and hatemonger, while the patriotic American who had an affinity for the Constitution remained dormant within me.

Now as our country is ever changing, I feel proud and privileged that my jaunt as an undercover operative perhaps, in a minuscule way, contributed to the presidential election—a *Hallmark of Our Democracy*.

Had these people had the chance to exert their racist beliefs and violent applications of those philosophies, then a black man would never have had the opportunity to reach the ticket of a major political party much less win the presidency of this great nation.



Into the Lion's Den



Into the Lion's Den

June 24, 2006...

To the better part of Maitland and Orlando this was just the day after the first day of summer, hot, humid and muggy. As the locals went about their daily routines, I can assure you they were oblivious to the "The White Power Movement" which almost took up residence in their backyards. Their prejudiced, evil, sick minds hid behind the rhetoric of their beliefs.

However, for us this evening could possibly contain just the right mix to become a landmark occurrence. We were exhausted; the struggle of portraying a character that grated against everything we believed in depleted every other part of our lives.

Tom Martin, who is now a convicted felon because of my work and serving time for robbing drug dealers at gunpoint, was not behind bars in June of 2006. He was a key figure in the movement and someone we were trying to get close to. When he invited me to his home for a party, it was climatic because of that fact and acted as a stepping stone in our mission. Here was what Joe and I had been working for and the adrenaline rush was almost more than we could handle. We girded ourselves for the milestone event and confirmation of our three year Metamorphosis, transforming ourselves into the personifications that would pass muster with this group.

After all, this was the life we had chosen and despite how draining the challenge...as an undercover operative for the FBI, *durability is a prerequisite of the role*. For the past few years we had worked these White Power groups from Michigan to Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and over to Texas. Our game plan was to forge a connection, to become skilled at the lingo, while establishing a presence.

The dynamics of our transition effectively gained their trust as it encouraged friendships and opened the door to multiple key extremist groups across the United States.

It never ceases to amaze me that there is such hostility and hate still in our country, and although the Constitution states "All Men Are Created Equal," to these words this group is *stone deaf*. Despite my contempt of everything the Hammerskins stood for, I had to contend with the superficial person I became. Every day I faced the battle of suppressing the movement organizer, agent infiltrator, and law abiding moral citizen that had to remain quiet and dormant within me, while longing to be free.

I chose to use my real name for a dual purpose. First, I must admit it was the only part of me that I could hold on to, and I also considered it a protective measure. My concern of exposure from not responding quickly enough to an alias was my second reason. I created and became the person that was needed, putting true relationships on hold, alienating family and lifelong friends as the "Gator Gletty" they all knew and *faded into a racist and anti-Semite*.

Don't get me wrong. I'm one hell of a tough guy, and the albatross that had been sucking my existence would have to remain quiet that night. Partying with the skinheads was where the FBI wanted us. We had hit the bull's eye... *this was no longer a dress rehearsal. Joe and I had better win an Emmy because we were literally "stepping into the lion's den."*

The skinheads always traveled in a group and it was common knowledge and fact that safety was in numbers. It took almost two years to build my crew, and the miraculous part was the skinheads had no idea we were undercover operatives. We carefully chose them one by one. Despite the fact they believed in an Aryan America and the White Power movement, they were all law abiding citizens for the most part, just convinced in their beliefs and willing to take a stand for them. The majority of the skinheads were not only hatemongers and racist, they thought nothing of manslaughter, and could snap at any given moment with actions of violence.

We were a crew of five:

Little Joe, my F.B.I partner and best friend, is all of 150 pounds, 5'6" Italian and a plumber by trade. He has a heart of gold combined with enough fight to take down an army. I always knew he had my back while I went in head first. Oh, we had our fights, but they never lasted more than five minutes as one of us always gave into loyalty, rather than winning the battle.

Fred, the Phone Man, was also an F.B.I. operative, a skilled communications and computer expert, small aircraft pilot and a master of all watercraft. He was definitely a valued and important part of the team.

Thule Krieg, our Handyman, had no knowledge of our affiliation with the F.B.I. He assumed that Joe, Fred and I all shared his loyalty to the Movement and their beliefs. He was 230 pounds of sheer brute, like a pit bull, with a large head, shoulders and chest and a smaller butt and legs and exactly what we needed. I often paid him to accompany us ... *he needed the extra cash, while I found comfort in the extra muscle*.

Ragnaar, the Educator: Thule and Ragnaar both proved valuable; they understood the skinheads' mindset and beliefs. Fred, Joe, and I lacked the history and philosophies behind the White Power movement

and found comfort with the two of them in our back pockets.

As Joe and I readied for the party, we were exhausted. Besides, Joe was over these jerks. There was nothing about this group of lowlifes that anyone would like. They were low class...and lived like pigs. Their homes crawled with roaches, while their babies crawled on floors where spilled beer had turned to filth and slush. The remains of cocaine on table surfaces could be found in any room.

Just the thought of walking through the door of a private home that smelled like a filthy bar and a restroom that reeked with urine was debilitating. The anticipation of listening to their demented small talk about issues that were disgusting and larger than life added to the mix.

Party talk was filled with bragging about immoral acts and raping underage girls. After getting high on drugs and beer the subject of robbing and kicking a Puerto Rican or nigger's ass always surfaced and *my blood boiled* as I listened to them call African-Americans "niggers."

We were sure this evening would be no different and possibly even more unfavorable than the first act of our play. We had bad vibes, the tension between the Nazis and the skinheads had been escalating, and despite the fact that I was never a Nazi, they didn't know it.

Worn from listening to this crap every day, we questioned if we had the heart to keep faking the personas of *disloyal Americans*. Still, we could not ignore the fact that we were exactly where the FBI wanted us and if we played our cards right this could be a curtain call.

We knew attitude was everything and could put a spin to any difficult situation. Tom's party was the opportunity we had been waiting for and the skinheads had to feel we were fully involved. I heard a number of key players would be attending and this was definitely

an opening to impress and prove our value to the organization.

Joe and I were all fired up by our passion and its potential. Once again we transformed back into hatemongers through self-discipline. Our minds were infused with optimism and we also knew not to go too far in either direction, as everything had to fall into place the first time around.

Approach was the forerunner and would set the stage for the end result. Our loyalty for the Constitution and civil liberties of all Americans was the silent force behind us that night.

Joe and I found solace in our unspoken concern for each other's safety. By the time we left the house, crossed the driveway and climbed into my 2000 Ford Expedition, we were focused and under fire as we put our game faces on, ready for battle.

We boarded the Bat Mobile and motored on to gather our crew and head over to the party. My guys were all riled up and, as each one boarded, the level of noise elevated. Of course Thule and Ragnaar did not have any of the emotional baggage we carried, and their anticipation was centered on having a good time.

We entered "five deep" to a party fully stocked, with most of its attendees feeling no pain. I knew Joe had to be thinking the same as me: "Thank God, it looks like the pool has recently been cleaned." I quickly scanned a good part of the crowd with my internal camera hoping to capture the faces of key figures from the mix of approximately 40 faces.

Tom Martin, not to our surprise, was already drunk and showing signs of inappropriate behavior. He was the kind of drunk that was prone to violence and everyone who knew him tended to keep his distance.

Despite the fact that it was Tom's party, his behavior was secondary; I was concentrating on the copious leaders of the skinhead movement. I took immediate notice that the main leader, Richie Myers, was here from Orlando, Casey Woods from Ocala and Coby

Stonecypher and his buddies from Christmas, and the Daytona crew, Brian, Jim, and Sara. Those were the most recognizable faces present. It was definitely starting to look useful.

Then from the corner of my eye I noticed Mike Lawrence. This was significant. Mike is one of the leaders of a misplaced Christian identity group that carries the name Hammerskins. They are definitely a core part of the skinheads and feared because of a reputation for unpredictable and explosively violent behavior. Mike was your average looking 170-pound man with tattoos and glasses, but he certainly wasn't boilerplate. After serving seven and a half years in the federal penitentiary for manslaughter, he honored the name Hammerskins with his dangerous and violent actions.

The moment was surreal. All the key players in Central Florida's White Power movement were there and, at this juncture, my level of confidence was high. But don't think for one minute that I was going to let my guard down. Despite the feeling of sitting on a pedestal, I knew at any moment I might have to get back down...and, boy, was I right!

In a matter of minutes the party took on a change of face. From cutting up around the pool and grills heating, to voices heating up, too, and rapidly increasing in decibels. From where we were standing it looked like Tom Martin and Ray Perkins were not in a good place. Tom is 26 years old, 6'1" and built like a well rounded *Male Hog*. He had Ray, who was half his size by the neck, had pulled a 25 caliber handgun from the crack of his sweaty lower back, and shoved it into the pit of Ray's stomach.

Despite the fact that everyone else had their eyes glued on Tom and Ray, mine were watching the leaders. Most of them had served time in federal prison for crimes of violence, manslaughter and drugs, with seven to eight years behind them. Why was this so important? Because they were still at the top, although they had

incorporated a younger group to do their dirty work while trying to keep their hands clean. I was sure if things escalated they wouldn't hold themselves back. We could be in double jeopardy and contending with a double-edged sword.

Joe and I had our hands on our weapons while everyone was holding his breath. The next few seconds seemed like an eternity and my mind raced through thoughts like one of those flip books I made when I was a kid. We could possibly have to shoot this creep or bring them both down.

I am a survivor and not easily defeated, but neither the pros nor cons of this happening would be good. I couldn't care less if either one of these scumbags died. In fact, we would have had two less racists on earth and that was a good thing. But, it also would have meant we'd have to face the cops, and that was a bad thing. We would be exposed.

We can't win if we don't continue the game and if the investigation is over, we could be losers all the way around. Three years of a perpetual physical and mental trial, and now here we were at a crossroad. The scenario was not good.

This arena could have turned into a battleground and we might have had to drop these two scum-bags and their buddies. This situation could have a tri-fold spin. Either the Hammerskins could attack us and rip us apart or we could have taken out the top 15 adversaries of the movement, but would the FBI have considered us heroes or would we be arrested for multiple murders because the FBI did not back us up! We were in a *quagmire*, and whatever was coming, we had better be spontaneous.

With our hands on our weapons and ready for whatever comes into play, one of the leaders breaks up the fight. A minute later, they are shaking hands and drinking a beer and Tom Martin's roommate, John, takes the weapon, and signals that the party has resumed.

In a way, I wanted to take out as many of these

guys as possible. The crimes they commit, the torture they inflict on others, and their sick racist minds do not deserve to "Live in the Land of The Free."

I was empowered again with the advantage of the turnabout, and thankful that my true make-up believed in the virtue of fair play. Unlike the skinheads who seem to thrive on violence.

Although this was what Joe and I had been preparing for, and despite the fact that we knew their mindset, this was our first really "uncivilized" party. It had been a wild one and was presumed to be almost over. It wasn't expected that anyone would do anything about this incident or begin a fight with the leaders of the Confederate Hammerskins.

The Hammerskins are like a pack of meat-eating hyenas. Compared to my crew of Thoroughbred Horses, I realized that we were out of our element, and we had better keep our eyes open and adapt very quickly.

Before I could clear my head of that thought, Tom went at it again. He approached Casey, one of the local leaders, and unloaded a right, then left, into his face. It registered very quickly that the violence was not over as the group yelled, "Assassination!" All together they unloaded on Tom.

Thank God, my main character strength is the ability to mimic instantly and adapt on my feet. With a demented grin on my face, I yelled "Assassination!" in sync with others and tackled Tom and threw him in the pool. I knew if we were going to get through this night unharmed, I would have to follow the pack. Everyone stripped down to his underwear and Richie Myers screamed, "I'm going to kick his ass." I followed suit, dropped my shorts down to my athletic spandex underwear and, as always, knew Joe would have me covered. My power was to keep the upper hand. I knew I could outwit most of them. If I chose my battles wisely and kept cautiously in the middle, hopefully I would remain in one piece.

So I jumped in, dodging the heads and fists of the twenty men already in the pool, and started kicking Tom's ass. We held him under and only pulled him out when he was on the brink of drowning. Richie then bounced him around the pool deck like a punching bag.

What actually happened next was so disgusting that I almost omitted it from the manuscript, but I hoped that whoever reads these words would understand the importance of taking these animals down.

Standing over Tom's nude body, they rubbed their anuses over his face and put their testicles in his mouth while taking pictures. I remember thinking, "If this is what they do to their own, I couldn't imagine what they would do to someone who is not a member of the White Race, or disagreed with their views." Then in *Cave Man* style they dragged him into an ant bed. This Big 300-pound *Bad Ass Skinhead* was crying like a baby.

Ironically, about two months prior to this, Tom Martin was arrested by the FBI for mercilessly beating a black bathroom attendant. He was charged as a racial hate crime suspect because of the racist tattoos on his body.

Kevin Farrington, my handler in the FBI, visited him while he was in the holding cell and offered a deal if he became an informer for the FBI. In the back of Agent Kevin's mind, he knew that I was close to these guys or at least about to infiltrate. Tom responded "Oh, f#%# you, and I ain't doing [f#%#*]."

Now, there are probably a couple of things you should not do in this situation and the most important is to tell an FBI agent to "[f#%#*] off" when he is trying to give you help. So Kevin responded, "Okay, I'll see ya," and walked out. Kevin arranged for Tom's charges to be dropped because he was sure that I was going to take these guys down very soon and possibly get Tom on even greater charges.

FBI Agents are very proud and egotistical when it comes to their jobs, so it becomes an ego trip when they offer you help and you deny it. Then down the

road you meet again and they tell you "No, thanks." To them, that is Priceless!!!!

As we were beating him down, he cried out, "I don't want to go to jail." He had no idea the charges had been dropped, and I loved watching him suffer as he cried. Finally the group backed off when he was almost unconscious. Neighbors looked from afar and, by their pallid faces, you would think that they had never seen this before.

Of course, Joe and I were only acting and the voice of responsibility kept us strong. We may have been successful at sidestepping a difficult issue, because avoidance was not a viable strategy, and this proved to be a test of our skills. Forced to act like we were used to violence, we made a smooth transition back to the party, as if nothing strange had just occurred.

We jumped back in the pool. Everyone was swimming and having a good time. That hot summer night we took a physical and emotional ride. We had been on an Adrenaline Rollercoaster and wanted more. Going with our instincts and spontaneity proved to be a safety net...until some of the girls started yelling, "The cops are here, six deep; the cops are here, six deep!"



**Between the
Hammerskins
and a Hard Place!**



Between the Hammerskins and a Hard Place!

When I heard the girls scream, "The cops are coming," my heart sank. Of course it wasn't from fear, more like a nightmare. *How the hell was I going to handle this one?* For the second time that night our assignment was in jeopardy and as I pushed myself up on the side of the pool, I saw Richie, Coby and Casey coming towards me.

It was chaos; we were all stripped down to our underwear and scrambling for our clothes that were scattered over the pool deck. With one leg in my jeans, and struggling to find my shoes, I'm faced with these three tight-fisted leaders who were telling me in sync, "David, go talk to the cops," while pushing me towards the door.

Under my breath I'm muttering, "*What the [#%#*], why me, why do I have to talk to the cops,*" as they are talking over me. "Because we are convicted felons! Go talk to 'em Bro!" It was common knowledge that we were militia and the only ones that were legally armed and supposedly clean. It supported their case, all right, but I was pissed and, despite loving an adrenaline rush, twice in one night was a *bitch!*

They were cocky and in a battle for dominance, but I had already decided to talk to the cops. However, I was determined not to let them think they could push

me around and to let them know that I was as tough as they were. I spouted a few more heated words, and then started towards the door.

It was no contest; if the cops came in the house it was all over! Sh%#, there were drugs all over the place and we were all going to jail! Again I thought, "*This assignment is blown, if I don't think fast.*"

As I went through the living room, I could see, haphazardly tacked on the walls, the sentiments of this demented group: Nazi flags, racist posters and T-Shirts from White Power events. I couldn't let this assignment fall apart.

No way am I going to let the cops take the rush away that I'm looking forward to: the day the FBI takes this group down. Scattered beer cans, pills and cocaine residue are silent reminders that my words had better be powerful, or the sh#% will hit the fan.

As I was approaching the driveway and flashing blue lights, I had no idea what I would say, but what I did know was that objectivity along with common sense was a must.

At the front door, a few of the skinheads were standing with a Spanish-looking officer with a noticeably arrogant demeanor. By his side were two black male officers, a black female officer, a white female officer and a white rookie. There were six of them itching to take us in. The three blacks and the Spanish officer stood there with arms crossed. "What's going on here?" demanded the officer.

My first thought was that these officers and this group of racists were a bad mix! I let the front door shut behind me, and looked the officers square in the face. Calmly I replied, "Well, Sir, it's kind of obvious. It is a White Power party going on here." I stepped back and waited for the effect of my words. By the look on their faces, I had taken them by surprise, and knew not to mess with them. The White Power band, Screwdriver, idolized by the skinheads, was blasting from the stereo, while canvases exhibiting extensive

World War II tattoos and racial symbols reminiscent of Germany brought to mind the Nazis and the Holocaust. The Hammerskins, of course, say it never happened; that was a dead giveaway that racism and hate were staring them in the face.

They remained silent as I continued maintaining my calm but blunt demeanor. Self-restraint wasn't lacking and the tension encouraged me to overreach my strategy. I continued with, "Loud music, a fight, we are drinking...just crazy people partying. Everything is fine."

Officer Garcia cleared his throat. "Well, we had complaints from the neighbors that someone was getting killed and we need to see what's going on."

I said, "Sir, it is a pool party. Everybody is fine. You know how skinheads are. We get a little rough, you know; we are just drinking beer. No one's hurting anyone."

Again, the officer was set back from how forthcoming I was. I said, "Hey, we are not doing anything wrong here. No one is driving; everybody is drunk and just hanging out in the backyard."

Two skinheads came out like drunken cousins from the deep back woods of Kentucky and I immediately pushed them back into the house.

I didn't want to lose control, but I knew if these creeps continued on, we were in trouble...and so were the past few years of dress rehearsals. Joe and I were the leading men and I wasn't going to let them stop the show. Opening night was too close...and this play was going on!

Exactly what I was worried about was in the making, as the cops and skinheads voices started to escalate. I was losing control of the situation, and I knew the FBI was watching!

After a few minutes I asked, "Who is the head officer here?" The Spanish officer Garcia replied "I am."

I approach him and quietly asked, "Sir, could I speak to you over here for a minute to get away from all this. Maybe we can settle this?"

Luckily he said, "Yeah," and we stepped out of the chaos and behind the cop car.

It didn't take a genius to figure out that everything from this point had better be flawless, because if I lost control there would be no turning back. I was in a tight spot!

I looked Garcia straight in the eyes, as my inner voice screamed, "Go for it!" I proceeded in a controlled whisper. "Look, I am with the FBI. Whether you believe me or not is up to you, but I will tell you straight out, you, me and everyone here are being watched. This investigation is huge as hell, and if you decide to take us in...this party is over in more ways than one."

I told him to look down the street at all the vehicles sitting inconspicuously. "They are the FBI agents, watching ready for any situation." I waited for a response, but I got silence, and decided to go for the whole ball of wax. "Look, Sir, your part in this is integral and if I didn't have such respect for you and the law, I would not be so willing to go the extra mile for you. Now, you can arrest me for impersonating an officer or an agent, or you can believe me and go on about your business and let us handle this. But, this has kind of put me in a bad spot. If you decide to take us in, you and your men will be answering to the law, not me."

While the words were pouring from my mouth, I was repeating the mantra in my head, *I don't want to lose the investigation, all this work for nothing.*

The skinheads were starting to act up again and I noticed the other officers were about to take control. Officer Garcia looks at me and says, "I swear if we come back, you are going to be part of the arrest and you can sort this out downtown." I sighed with relief. "Thank you, sir, thank you!"

I went quickly back to the porch to try to calm the guys down. I'm going to kill them if they mess up now,

and again I pushed them back in the house. At the same time, Garcia was telling his men, "Okay, guys, let's go."

The look on their faces was priceless; I knew they were just itching to take us in. Officer Garcia pulled them off the porch and around the large bags of lawn clippings strewn on the front porch. I watched them leave, trying hard not to smile as I saw their puzzled faces while they stammered "Oh, but, but, but..." And Garcia said in an authoritative voice, "Let's go guys."

As the cops were leaving, the skinheads came out. With such pleasure I watched their faces too. They thought they were smiling at their hero, but I was thinking... *You jerks should only know what thin ice you're on, and this hero soon will be the desperado that takes you guys down!*

There was so much at risk and yet I chose the right strategy while holding my emotions at bay. I felt proud and at the same moment felt the real Gator Gletty had come through. The lines between me and my character had become so blurred that I often wondered if the loyal American was still inside me.

I understood the big new picture and acted quickly with a simple solution. I believe I was able to handle this state of affairs because of my years of training with the FBI. It had been many years since Joe and I had started as undercover operatives. Different assignments had different lifestyles and so many times we operated by the seat of our pants. But that night we really came close to blowing the whole thing, and although I was a hero to the Hammerskins, I would have to do a lot of explaining to the FBI. "Oh God, now I am going to have to tell my supervising FBI agent that I spilled the beans to Officer Garcia, and he has to go behind me and clean up this mess."

I erased that thought and headed back to the party. I was the hero, and everyone was slapping me on the back. "Ah, man, what did you say to 'em?" The skinheads kept asking and I just laughed. "I told them

that I'm a cop and that I had the investigation under control and they were just messing it up."

The guys' jaws hit the floor and they screamed. "No [#%#*] way!"

I smiled. "Well, what else could I tell them? They were going arrest us all. We had cocaine on the freaking table, marijuana over there and kids in a house containing weapons! Dude, we were going to jail!"

"No, man, you told them that?"

"Yeah, man, I had to."

"And they believed ya?"

"He said if he comes back, he is going to arrest me first, so I guess it worked for now."

We all had a big laugh at the cops' expense and as I was putting my shoes back on, and my gun on my side, I felt protected again. The party resumed, but this time it was in the living room. They laid out rails of cocaine on the glass coffee table and handed me the rolled-up dollar bill. I had to do a couple of lines to prove that I was not a cop. I had never done cocaine or smoked marijuana with the skinheads before, but I knew that it would have been noticed eventually and I decided to take this moment to curb their inevitable concerns. I figured I'd rather be in control now, rather than in a more volatile situation. As much as I don't like or condone cocaine, I knew it would keep them from deeming me an informant and kicking my ass. So I did a few lines to prove that I was not an officer of the law or an operative. I was sure they thought officers and undercover operatives could not do drugs and I wasn't going to give them a reason to question my motives.

I attribute my success with risky situations to handling some in a slightly unorthodox manner, but I get the job done. I'm considered a headhunter, with a mission specifically for hunting down criminals; that fact never escapes me.

I partied for the next hour as the skinheads kept repeating the story. "Hey, David got balls, man, rushing

to the door and {#%#*}." Then, Richie Myers came out of nowhere with: "David, I need to speak to you over here."

My heart was in my feet, as I thought this could be the end of everything I had risked my life for....#%#*, what's next!

CHAPTER



We're In!

SA CHAPTER

We're In!

As I was approaching Richie, I gave myself a pep talk. I couldn't believe, after saving our assignment twice in one night, I was heading right back into the *Lion's Den*!

I felt like I was being tested, but I wasn't willing to take a back seat to anyone and nothing could break my spirit. I was secure in my role to connect, but Richie was a lot to connect to. The "Confederate Hammerskins" were known as the meanest, most violent, and racist group in the southeastern United States, and I had their leader staring me square in the face. His reputation as callous, violent and the most aggressive "human pit bull" in the movement was obvious, as he looked like he wasn't in a very good place. Stories of brutality and unmerciful beatings from a spilled beer were not uncommon and only added to the mix for concern.

This thought pounded through my brain as I observed his assertive posture. He stood between the living room and bedroom and it was apparent he was pissed. I wasn't going to let this jerk intimidate me and I found myself at a crossroad of survival and the responsibility of taking these racists down for my loyalty to our country. I had been around this group long enough to know that interrupting while they were talking could interrupt your life, and I prayed this was not the end of the assignment and possibly me!

I still found it hard to conceive that such hate lives within these beings and I despised the fact such racism was still alive and growing in America. The more I observed how widespread it was, the more important my assignment became.

They prey upon young and wounded minds with incentives to join in the fight for hate and violence. The more I saw them lure young Americans who only wanted to be needed, the more I wanted to take them down. For the times that Joe and I had fought to spend one day with family and friends who believed we had become hatemongers, I was convinced, *come hell or high water*, that I could make this work with every carefully chosen word.

His words flowed easily like one of those old records in slow motion, and as he continued to speak I could see Hitler and his obsession for an Aryan world. "Man, let me tell you something, you know. The skinheads have been at war with the Nazis and...you know, we heard all this stuff about how you are up and coming. You had that protest in Orlando back in February of this year and you and your guys set up a White Tent City after the hurricane. You have been to the Desert with the Minutemen. You have come to some of our events and have had parties here in Orlando. Now us Hammerskins feel like you are starting to step on our toes in our own town and we are not going to take that from some dress-up clown Nazi. If you are a Nazi, let us know now and you can take the ass kicking like a man!"

When Rich stopped talking, I refrained from saying anything too quickly until I had digested all his words. I knew I had to tread lightly, since negativity was not an option, as I began to speak with both composure and power.

"Look, man, I am Militia. All my guys here, we are Militia. We are all legally armed, we do survival training and the only reason we have been messing with those Nazis is because they showed support for my Orlando

protest and a few other events that I did. That is the only reason. And I am not a God#*% Nazi. You can check on that further because I have never worn a swastika!"

I could see his face softening and I pulled Joe over to close the argument. "Joe, come here." He walked up to us. "What kind of group are we in?" Joe said, "We are Militia, mother[%#*]."

Rich shrugs, and I could see by his demeanor that he believed me. "Okay, I didn't know that. I thought you were Nazi."

I said, "No, not at all. We just show affiliation because we support them, they support us."

As I spoke I thought that if this creep only knew...support them, hell! Joe and I used every one of those groups like an acting school. *We knew that our characters had to be the flawless villains to bring them down on their knees.*

Richie then took back control and said, "All right, man, welcome to the group. Hopefully we can get something started. Let me get your cell phone number, and I will call you to the next event we have going on, which will be next weekend." He turned to leave.

As he was walking away I told him, "That's all I want to hear, Bro. We are here for you. I don't want to step on your toes. You are the one that has been here in Orlando and beating bushes to provide what I have. I am your support. Without you, we wouldn't be close to where we are today. You see, I have eight guys that are here and committed and another 20 around town that are equally as committed; let's get this thing off."

This was such an important moment. The door to getting these animals had just opened and I was determined to bring an end to their roaming free in our society.

"I'm so glad that we had this conversation," Richie said to Joe and the look on Joe's face was priceless. Joe looked him "square in the eyes" with both feet firmly planted and ready to fight if need be. Joe knew

he could have had his ass kicked and I could not have stepped in. You see, Bro's only fight one on one, and Joe was betting on getting Richie's respect by not backing down. *Boy, was he right!* "Welcome to the group, Joe. Welcome to the group." Richie said. "I like Little Joe."

After such a close call, it took me a few minutes to shift my psyche back to the party, but I knew I had to show I was strong. I could see through the cracked blinds the vague shadow of a squad car driving by and shortly thereafter another one followed. It was late; I checked my watch and was surprised to see that it was 1:30 in the morning.

Most of the party was slowly moving to the front porch. This evening could not end soon enough for me. While saying goodbye to each other, I observed a series of "Hammer hugs." Two men grab and shake each other's hands; then while still holding on they pull each other in as close as they can and with their left arms reach around and slap each other on the back three times. Both men proceed to release their *Death Grip* and give each other a slap on the back.

After a traditional exit, we were out of there. We were all quiet and I left my crew at their homes...we were drained! Finally it was just Joe and me. Alone we looked at one another, then slammed a high five! *Damn, we deserved an Emmy...but there was no one around for a curtain call...but we were in!* We had just attended our first violent and undoubtedly uncivilized Skinhead Racist Party.

Alone in my Ford Expedition, with our adrenaline pumping, we knew that we had taken a step up in the investigation and finally we were exactly where we needed to be. We were onto something really big, but neither of us realized how capable it was of changing our lives.

But getting here to this party was a long journey taking us several years. Let me take you back to the beginning of this assignment, where we had to start at the roots of the White Power movement in America, the Klu Klux Klan. I had to learn how to "Klone the Klan."



Kloning the Klan!



Kloning the Klan!

April 2003...

After several years of serving the FBI, my assignments changed course and I must admit I was somewhat perplexed. When Agent Kevin gave us the new assignment to infiltrate the White Power movement I thought, what is that? Magic? Understand an objective is laid before you. How you reach it and where to start is the challenge you own.

Penetrate the *White Power movement*. I heard the mission; however, the suggestion that the years ahead would carry a trial of both my strength and weakness was not apparent.

Through the virtual world of the Internet, I studied the group's philosophies in an effort to map out a course of action. The old expression *knowledge is power* could not have been more accurate. The more I researched, the angrier I became, which in effect fueled my strength for the arduous road ahead. I remained sick at heart that racism and hate were alive and kicking throughout America.

How could I become the character to mimic these racists when everything they preached, I despised? Unlike the past when the persona of a drug dealer or criminal was temporary, I had a long emotional journey ahead!

With such pride I knew my service facilitated the government's quest to defeat crime. As I addressed transforming myself into a *hatemonger*, it was repulsive, but I had to start somewhere to become a "Clone of the Klan."

I let my fingers do the walking and entered the blogging world of White Supremacy. Their daily mission of spreading their philosophies brought a connection in a matter of minutes when the name Sonny Hodges popped up on the screen. He was from the old school of the Klan and in his day was referred to as a *really bad ass!* A veteran of Vietnam with the scars to prove it, the years had taken their toll, yet he still treasured the idea of being a part of the movement.

Sonny was my first contact and after a few days I wrote: "Hey Bro...any good events coming up?" and he wrote back, "Yeah. Laurens, South Carolina is having a rally; come on up!"

In the days following, he explained that 300 people would be in attendance and the event was to be held at The Old Redneck Shop. He told me he had contacted Rick Spring, their leader, and that he was bringing us along.

Despite the trepidation of the road ahead with racists, it was time to hold my nose and jump. Joe and I left a few days later and traveled from Florida to Sonny's in Brooksville, Georgia. Our goal was to learn from the experience and, with any luck, gain their trust and launch a presence in the Klan. The eight-hour drive afforded us the time to strategize scenarios of action, if need be.

Sonny welcomed us as if we were old friends and the evening held nothing more than dinner, a few beers and shooting the bull while we absorbed as much as possible about the movement and the Klan. The only issue that may have given Sonny a second thought was that Joe and I dress like cops, but we knew what we were doing, and it was a psychological plan.

We went to bed and at 7a.m. the following morning left for South Carolina in Sonny's car. The trip was uneventful, again just bullshitting. Of course, Joe and I were armed. Sonny mentioned that in South Carolina it was illegal and he continued on that he and the brothers don't give a sh%. He wasn't telling me anything I didn't already know.

We pulled into Laurens shortly thereafter on River Street in front of the old movie theater. The windows were covered with paper and a small orange neon sign read "Open." On the first line of the theater marquee, we read "The World's Only Klan Museum" and, under that, "The Redneck Shop Now Open."

The Museum was packed with approximately two hundred people. Men and women were conversing while their children played. Joe and I hoped to take advantage of the long weekend with the goal of gaining their trust.

The museum store was stocked with everything from sweatshirts and T-shirts with "It's a White Thing. You Wouldn't Understand" printed on them, redneck gear for hunting, Klan robes of every color and fabric, CDs of the Klan's music and anything reminiscent of the Klan's beliefs. Behind the store, a main hallway led into the theater that had been built back in the 19th century. Up front was a large stage and the stairway on the left led to the museum. My internal camera was capturing a room full of memorabilia to remind its visitors of the Klan's history and beliefs.

The space was filled with pictures of cross burnings, Klan robes hanging, miniature statues and historic Klan documents. As we carefully maneuvered our way around the displays, I was challenged to stay focused as to why we were there. I fought distraction as I came upon a picture of a young black man being branded by men in robes. That was the defining moment that accelerated the mission's goal.

Sonny began introducing us to members of his group. They all attended the Aryan Nations Church of Jesus Christ Christian which only carries the name

Jesus to take some heat away from the government's watching eyes. Everyone was waiting for their leader, Rick Springs, to arrive. Having done my homework I knew this was a good connection and, instead of the utter disgust at museum pictures, my operative mode shifted into full speed ahead. The adrenaline rush of getting a foot in the door had me all fired up. Sonny continued introducing us, "Hey, this is David Gletty, he is an up and comer," yada, yada, yada.

Then from the corner of my eye I noticed the security at the front door seemed to be harassing Joe. Joe is half Italian, half Jewish, some combination for this group. Because of his Italian heritage and olive complexion, along with the sun from surfing, he was sporting a great tan.

As I approached the door I heard the guard say, "Hey, what's up, man. You are a lifeguard or something," referring to his olive complexion. At first, Joe didn't understand and replied with, "No, man, I'm a surfer man, you know, I am tan. I surf all the time. I am not a lifeguard."

Then they came right out and said, "You just look a little dark to be white." Joe responded with, "Look, mother%#*%#, I'm white. Sonny, come tell them before I kick this guy's ass."

Sonny came over and stepped between them. "Man, this is my boy. He's with me. You need to back off."

The guard replied, "Sonny, I'm sorry. He is with you. Everything is cool. I'm sorry about that." He shook his hand, apologizing. "Everything is cool? Sorry about the misunderstanding." We went back to the festival and awaited Rick's arrival.

After that incident, I was on guard. The Klan is always armed and ready for trouble. I later learned that they were the least evil of the White Power movement; they just like to be armed and ready if need be.

From the stage, key leaders were speaking. The theater was packed and the noise level at high octave. They started serving the food and the menu consisted

of everything from barbecue ribs, hamburgers, hot dogs, French fries, baked beans to mashed potatoes and, the surprise of the moment, pig testicles. They boil the testicles and then barbecue them. We did not know that at the time, but we certainly found out later. Joe Riley, who was eating with Sonny, said, "Hey, you guys go ahead and hook up; these are my buddies." He introduced us and said, "Fix them up with a plate, and I will catch up with you later." Sonny carried some weight and they fixed us a platter.

"You want this?" "Yeah." "You want this?" "Yeah. What are those?" He goes, "Boneless ribs, hee-hee-hee." I said, "Yeah, throw some on there." Joe chimed in, "Throw it on here and I will go find a spot to eat."

The food was good and, as we were eating, I was thinking these didn't look like boneless ribs. They were fatty on the outside but there was a lot of meat on the inside. Then I remembered Sonny telling us they run pig farms and I was halfway through the first one when I said, "Oh my God, these are pig balls."

Joe was eating his barbecue and said, "Man, these are the best barbecue boneless ribs I have ever had. They are a little fat but, man, they are good." I decided not to tell; I'd save it for the trip home.

We finished eating. Joe wiped the barbecue sauce off his face and lap, and asked, "What's funny?" I responded, "Later."

The speakers continued on the subject of conspiracy theories and how the niggers and the spics are taking over our great country. Their language was vulgar with fire and brimstone behind each word. Warning members to bury weapons and ammunition in case of rapture and the beasts emerged from the forest (niggers, spics, chinks) into the cities and the mountain, they would be armed and ready. They also warned against the government.

The speeches continued for six hours as everyone took pictures. Of course, I followed suit. Sonny introduced us to multiple Klansmen and we made some

connections. I had no idea there were so many segments of the movement, and despite some difference in belief, they all attend these rallies as one. The NSM (National Socialist Movement) Nazis, Pennsylvania Keystone State Skinheads, the National Vanguard and League of the South were all in attendance.

The day was winding down and I had not come face to face with Rick Springs. I had been watching him from afar and finally we made eye contact. He knew who I was through Sonny and that we were militia and taught survival in the Appalachian Mountains. Finally, Rick approached me, "Hey, Dave, I have heard a lot about you. Joe, I heard you are a lifeguard." Joe replied, "I was about to kick that guy's ass." Rick said, "I like this little guy, you know, that's cool. Hey, guys, I arranged a hotel room next to mine. Stay with me tonight and we can get acquainted." I said, "Oh, great, cool. Thanks." In two hours we were to meet for dinner.

By this time the event was dying down and we left for the hotel. On our way, Sonny said, "Hey, man, you guys are privileged, you know. Rick Springs don't do this for everyone, but he has checked up on you and, from what he has heard, you know, you are up and coming and you guys are cool. You are doing survival training up here."

We showered and readied for dinner. We met Rick at a local barbecue and almost immediately he was forthcoming with "Hey, guys, you know, I have been searching for a group of guys in your area. Are you guys interested? I have heard a lot about you and I like what I see. I have done some checking and some people I know say you are not five-o [meaning cops]. Do you think you might be interested?"

I replied, "Yeah, Rick this is a great opportunity." After seven hours I had already taken on a few of there expressions and the cloning had begun. My new persona was beginning to take over and *David the racist was about to silence Gator Gletty for many years to come.* With Rick

was a big tough-looking guy named Laszlo, and Reverend Jonathan Williams.

After dinner, we returned to the hotel and the Reverend left. He only lived 30 miles away and would be returning in the morning. Rick and Laszlo invited us to their room. "Hey, you guys smoke?" I go, "Oh, yeah." So he fired up a marijuana joint. We were all smoking except Laszlo.

Laszlo said, "No, I don't smoke. I prefer sugar on my donuts." Of course, we knew he meant cocaine. We were smoking and talking when Rick began questioning us about survival training and locations where we hide in the mountains. When he was convinced that we knew our stuff, he backed off.

We were drinking Heineken and Laszlo said, "Hey, I need some powdered sugar." So now I know it is a test. They think agents, cops and undercover people will not do drugs and we have to get past this so we don't really indulge, but we do enough to pass the test. Everyone is relaxed and the conversation switches to weapons and how they would like to bring us up to learn their type of training.

We continued to talk weapons and what type we use on our missions. They, of course, were not going to expose everything at once, but we were gaining their trust as the evening progressed. Then Rick told us of another big meeting in two months and another to follow a month later at the Reverend Jonathan Williams house in Conyers, Georgia. He said, "Hey, you all come back up for that and we will get you going up to date on what we got going on, 'cause you are an intricate part of the web of groups we are trying to build. We want to get militia groups. We got enough in this part of the country, North Carolina and Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama. We want to have some down in Florida and you guys are perfect."

He continued to say they would teach us each time we came up to the mountains, do some training and

bring us up to speed with contacts. I said, "Hey that's great."

The trust was building and he finally asked if we would exchange phone numbers, information, and email. It was about 1:00 a.m. Sunday and time to turn in. We made arrangements to meet Sunday morning for worship services at the Redneck Shop, where everyone would join in for final prayer.

We were ready to head for our room when Sonny said, "Hey, wait a minute, Rick," and Rick nonchalantly handed him what seemed to be at least \$10,000. He said, "Here is this," and he grabbed a brown paper bag full of whatever. Of course it was obviously cocaine, because Sonny had mentioned earlier he had ways of making extra money without elaborating, but it was obvious.

Rick replied, "Yeah, this would be great for the POWs that are in prison," meaning white POWs in our prison. They consider a white man in prison for a hate crime and part of the Klan to be a POW. They consider him a POW because he has fought in the Racial Holy War, "RAHOWA" for short. This phrase is used at every White Power party/meeting that we have ever been to. Sonny took the package and Rick said, "Hey, goodnight," and he gave us a handshake and a hug. Of course, I didn't sleep a wink. I slept with my gun lying under my sleeping bag while sleeping on the floor in the hotel room.

The next morning we had breakfast; everything was status quo. We attended Sunday morning worship along with 200 other attendees. This was how they held the people and their beliefs together; the camaraderie seemed to keep their trust alive.

I learned that the good old boys grew up there, this was their lifestyle: moonshine, growing marijuana and selling it while the crops are down in the winter. They are the Klan, they are close-knit, they don't like outsiders and are difficult to penetrate and infiltrate.

Joe and I were pleased. We had accomplished a difficult goal. You can be sure if the federal government had attempted the same task, they would have ended up dead men.

I found the local police very relaxed. I'm not insinuating they are involved, but they grew up there and work with blinders on.

The Klan has also had a big gap in age groups. Either you are one of the good old boys, or very young, and that was our advantage, and I'm sure our age was considered a plus. They thought I was a leader and communicated like one, and needed us.

This was an experience. I learned the Klan lingo, how they played in the movement. They actually try to get along with everyone but that does not change how they think.

They asked us to come back in two months to Conyers, Georgia for another rally at the Reverend Jonathan Williams house. This was our first step into the inner circle. We said our goodbyes and headed back to Brooksville, Georgia, and Sonny's house. Along the way, Sonny said, "Man, you don't know how important that is that Rick really likes you. He has good plans for you. You are just perfect guys. And we need you. Let's keep this thing going."

We arrived back at Sonny's by noon and Joe and I had an eight-hour trip ahead of us. We were ecstatic. On the way home I called Agent Kevin and gave him some details of the weekend's events. "Great job, guys, you are getting closer to where we need to be."

After a long ride home, I immediately hit the computer while everything was still fresh in my mind. We obviously could not take notes and I wanted to record all the particulars. Memory was key. I was able to get 20 different tag numbers off people's vehicles, which is the first step to tracking these guys. From the plates comes where they live, a criminal history, and of course now the FBI knows who we are dealing with.

Sunday night at 1:00 a.m., actually Monday morning, and I still had a good hour of work. The next morning I met Agent Kevin; I went through the usual debriefing, gave him my notes and talked about our next assignment.

That night as I lay peacefully in my own bed, I couldn't help but reflect on the past four days. Despite the fact that we were treated kindly and did not witness violence, just the walk through their museum was enough for me. In their eyes it was a celebration of the Klan and their beliefs, in my tear-filled eyes it was hate. I promised God to help take as many of them down as I was able.

They profess White Pride. To me, that means Black Hate. But that is not their only nemesis. They despise the Jews, who are for the most part white, so their vow to maintain forever the God-given supremacy of the white race is just a cover. For their racist and anti-Semitic minds and for not understanding that all men were created equal, I will continue to fight for the rights of our people and for America, the land of the free!

CHAPTER



Perfecting the Role

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David Gletty

Undercover Nazi

69



Perfecting the Role

Regardless of the fact that Joe and I hadn't a clue what group the FBI were targeting, the road there was just as rigorous as the pinnacle bust. Week after week, month after month, we attended small events in Florida, South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia, perfecting our characters and presence in "The World of Hate."

Every event and connection was pivotal to our role and we constantly were taken aback as we crossed over the line into a new group, to discover *the hate and violence more intense than before*. Despite the boost of energy as we stepped up a level, the emotional baggage kept building.

It was a Saturday morning; Joe and I headed out at about 7a.m. It was a small event, but the goal to form new contacts was priority. We were going to Melbourne first to hook up with a group from the World Church of The Creators who are top of the list as *hatemongers*. Even though the event was small, we had some trepidation for the day ahead...*this group was violent!*

We were hooking up with Anton, James Langston, and John Sand, three heavyweights in the World Church of the Creators (WCOTC) whose home base is East Peoria, Illinois. Their stated goal is "making this an all-white nation and ultimately an all-white world." They consider Jews to be parasites and nonwhites, whom they refer to as "mud races," to be the "natural enemies" of the white race.

It was a 70-mile ride to Melbourne, and then on to Hobe Sound for a *Hate Fest*. The trip allowed us time to regroup and conserve all of our energy before a possibly hectic day.

We arrived in Melbourne about 9 a.m. and neither of us was surprised that the address had us pulling up to a trailer park, and a trashy one at that. The interior of the trailer made the outside look clean. The usual beer cans and crap were on the floor, only this time it was topped with dog movements. Not a great way to start the weekend; I just wanted to get out of this sh#% hole fast.

They were drinking and smoking pot when we arrived. Again to prove we're not cops, joining in was a must, but we had our ways of looking like we were doing more than we actually were.

They are pretty sure we're not cops, but they challenged us with weapons, looking for us to react. First the knives, then the guns. We played the weapons game; anything to get them on the road.

We piled into my car. You can be sure I was doing the driving, one of my safety nets. It was 100 miles from Melbourne to Hobe Sound. My car was wired with a recording device that I could turn on and off at will, so I decided to let them talk away in the back. They were relaxed and Joe was working them to a fair thee well; he was so good at that.

James Langston had just come from Chicago after being released from a prison term for a second-degree manslaughter. His best friend was killed while they fled from cops after committing a burglary to a home. James was driving the vehicle, lost control and hit a telephone pole at 80 miles per hour. That alone had us a little anxious. James was talking away about selling cocaine out of his trailer in Melbourne; all the while I was thinking, keep talking and hang yourself.

We arrived at the *Hate Fest* (that is my name for it) because it was a coalition of hate groups. There were

about 70 people there and we did our usual working the crowd.

I noticed some guys wearing Confederate Flag hats (they were definitely redneck) when, bingo, they approach me because I am wearing the same hat. The normal grilling starts; but by this time I had my script down pat, and within a few minutes they wanted to know if we'd like to meet up again.

The Festival was going strong, everyone was under a large pavilion and a guy by the name of Ken Schlepter started announcing some of the events of the day, like a Hammerskin contest, with actual hammers. To me this was all garbage and I'm only listening with an half an ear...my main objective is to meet as many *hatemongers as possible!*

Our advantage was walking in with the World Church of the Creator's group. They are actually offspring of the Skinheads and well known. Again, objective...get invited to another event.

We hung out about four hours; then a few thugs invited our group to a local bar. I had enough, but then again connections...connections. We had a few beers, it was getting late and we headed back to Melbourne and Langston's trailer.

Back at Langston's, he brought out cocaine. That was the last thing I needed, but these guys were hardcore and have been known to kill just because they want to. Rather than have a trigger pulled, once again we went along with the game.

It was nine o'clock and I used the excuse we had a long ride home, and they accepted that. We suggested that we meet up again the following week and they said "Sure."

The ride home was the usual recording of the day's events. The drugs, the weapons and their serial numbers, and a mile long list of license plates from the fest. This day was over; on to the next.

There were times in between when Joe and I did something just for fun, but typically it involved some

action, and if it was challenging, all the better. I had read that The Cracker Day Rodeo was coming. It was a perfect escape, a day when we were not on trial to impress, good for both of us.

Rodeos were a love of mine and we were off to Cracker Day, or Redneck Day Rodeo as some called it. I entered the rodeo challenge to ride a bull, and hung on for 12 seconds. When the bell rings, you are suppose to jump off, but I hung on for a safe moment to jump. Little did I know at the moment that I had impressed the right people and next link, the Redneck Group from Sanford. They were impressed, and invited us to their farm in Sanford for fishing on the Saint John's River. Basically they are hee-haw guys; they drink a lot of beer on Friday night, and then ride down the wrong side of the road drunk. After the Rodeo we heard through the grapevine that I had become a hot topic of discussion. Our character roles were working.

The following week we headed out to the Redneck farm in Sanford; they had horses, cows, bulls, goats, pigs, and chickens. The plan was to fish, but they wanted to test me again. "Gator, go out there and ride that bull before we go fishing. To be in our club, you got to ride that bull. All of us have ridden him."

All right. Off comes my hat and I put my gun in the truck. They brought out the bull, no saddle, just a rope. I jump on and he's getting upset. I said, "On three open up the gate. One..." and the gate opened. The bull sprung out of the gate, and I was just about hanging on. I reached around and managed to grab the ropes in one hand and pull myself up. My other hand was going up and down from the physical force of the bull. It seemed like an eternity; but I held on long enough to impress the group. I jumped and it knocked the wind out of me, but I had to get out of the ring. I ran with the bull right after me and jumped over the fence as he smacked into it and stopped. A bull can gouge you to death and, for these guys, that would have been cool.

I was shaking, but my reward was their high fives. "Oh man, that's great!" They handed me a beer, a shot of whiskey, I was in the club. The Good Old Boys of Sanford is what they call themselves. But right now you could have called me "collapsed lung Gator." I was beat up from a very rough eight-second ride. For a very short moment I thought to myself, "Am I getting too old for this game?" Then quickly I replied to myself, "Do not even think that, man. You're only as old as you think you are."

Finally we were fishing on the St. John's River; they were drinking and getting crazy in the water. As a Florida boy, I know there are alligators out there; but these guys don't seem to care.

I had wrestled alligators and was considered an expert by many, but I was not going to swim with them. They were calling to me, "Don't be afraid of those gators."

Those words got to me. Afraid, an undercover operative! I don't think so; especially if I believe my assignment is at stake. I jumped in and swam to the other side where alligators were lying in the sun. After I arrived at the other side of the river, they wanted me to wrestle an alligator and prove to them how I got the name "Gator." I told them it was illegal, but they kept egging me on. I lived emotionally large every day, suppressing the real me. That took real guts; these guys had no idea how strong I could be.

Again, "Come on, gator, show us what you got." What they really wanted was to see me wrestle an alligator today.

I'm called Gator Gletty because I've wrestled gators for years. So I picked up a stick and tapped the closest alligator on the nose. When the gator attempted to bite the stick, I jumped on his back from the opposite side. He spurred back and forth trying to hit me with his tail, but as long as I stayed on his back, he couldn't bite. Then I slowly pushed the head down to the ground

and grabbed his jaws closed. I lay down on the top of the gator and rolled him over on top of me.

When a gator is upside down his equilibrium goes crazy and he falls asleep, but they don't know that. This gator was not big, but big enough to rip my arm off. There is an old wives' tale: "Rub his belly, he will fall asleep." That's not the truth. It was just because he was on his back. But I rubbed his belly anyway, to finish the show. You should have seen them. "Wooowoo." They went crazy like a bunch of rednecks.

Then I heard someone clapping. "Hey that's a good job, guys, but as soon as you finish playing with that gator, you need to come over here and talk to me." It was the game warden.

I let the gator go and ran, because when he rolled over he'd be mad. He was huffing and puffing as he jumped in the water. We had to swim back across the river, knowing that there was a pissed off alligator down there somewhere. So I let Snake, the nickname for one of the boys, go ahead. If an alligator is going to go after someone, he will go for the big boy first, because somewhere underneath us was an alligator waiting to bite. We made it to shore. I was worried about the game warden now. He was a good old boy with tobacco in his mouth and he spit as we came ashore.

I stopped for a moment, and for a second the real David came to me. "Don't get in the way of your most valuable asset, your ability to connect, go for it; you'll know what to say."

"You know it's against the law to wrestle alligators?"

I said, "Yes, sir. I know I am not going to make up an excuse; I did it because it was fun and I apologize. I did not hurt the gator."

The game warden asked who drove. Billy Bob said, "I drove, sir."

"Well, I need to speak to the two of you."

Snake and Buck stayed by the truck and the warden ripped into us. "I can take you to jail." I am trying to figure out how I am going to explain this to the FBI

agent, Kevin Farrington. They send me on a job, but not to wrestle alligators.

The game warden continued, "Okay, well I want to talk to you now." Billy Bob went back to the truck. "I need to talk to David alone."

I said "Look, sir..." I was still contemplating whether I should tell him I was working for the FBI. I decide I shouldn't; I think I have got control of the situation, so I just go on, you know, playing the old redneck. "Sir, I am sorry, I was raised out here and that is what I was taught as a kid. All I can do is promise not to do it again."

The game warden spit. "Let me tell you this, because you don't look nothing like these boys. I don't know what's going on here, but things don't add up. I don't know. I never see any guys out there wrestling alligators. That is just crazy. I don't care where you are from. This is my part of the River and there will be no Gator Wrestling out here. Do you understand me, son?"

I replied with an almost military style "Sir, yes, sir." Then with great relief to my ears, he went on, "I am going to let you go this time, boys, but if I catch you again, I am going to arrest all of you."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get on out of here" were the officer's last words.

We were in such a hurry, we left our fishing poles behind. The guys asked, "What did you tell him?"

I said, "I told him I was crazy, and I like to wrestle alligators for fun. Take me to jail or let me go."

This was a big step; the Rednecks had connections, and I knew they would be talking about this day to others. *I may do things other operatives would not do, but I have consciously chosen to use my energy for a purposeful deed: defending man's right to live in America, equal to all who are free.*



Now We're Up
to the Minute



Now We're Up to the Minute

It had been two years; however, it went by so fast it was like we were virtually in a time capsule. One day ran into the next, weeks into months, excursion after excursion, until everything seemed to dissolve together.

Patience is central for an operative, but after all this time we were only a minuscule part of the players in the White Power Movement. There was no question that it was partially due to the mind-set of the community we were trying to infiltrate. I had a mission, while my character was hard at work finding areas of compatibility to avoid potential conflict.

Empowered by positive results, Joe and I faced each challenge with strength of mind. Our partnership gave us the ability to take each event as seriously as it deserved while we pushed our goal level higher.

As in most professions, there are times your superiors think you could do more, and the FBI was pressuring me. One morning during a debriefing, my agent and superior suggested that I check out The Minutemen of Florida. Perhaps a trip to the Mexican border would help my character. I followed his lead and we attended a few meetings. Unlike the others, they had good values.

A Minuteman believes that just as ethnicity, race, religion and all such factors are incidental and do not affect our God-given, constitutional equality as American citizens, such factors are also irrelevant in

the debate over illegal immigration. There is no tolerance among Minutemen for racism or bigotry. And they live by the promise to secure United States borders and coastal boundaries against unlawful and unauthorized entry of all individuals, contraband, and foreign military.

After a few more meetings, we offered our service at the border. We passed our criminal background check, paid the \$50 membership fee, received our cards, and were Minutemen. The Minutemen set up camp on the Mexican Border and alert the border patrol when the illegals try to cross over; they believe the government has failed to stop the overflow.

I did my virtual research and blogged with some of the Minutemen. This group had connections with the leaders; an opportunity for growth.

We took Joe's Toyota Tundra; its cab held the four of us comfortably. We had three 55 gallon drums of fresh water, a generator, gasoline, an AK47, military style shotguns and handguns to protect us at the border. Douglas, Arizona was our destination. It was the Minutemen headquarters and a 2200-mile ride. If you are wondering why we did not fly? The answer is, of course, you cannot fly with any weapons plus I am scared to death of flying.

With all my fearless acts, I am afraid to fly. Figure that one out, because it is a mystery to me.

Fred and Rick joined our legal team. They are labeled FBI patriots and loyal Americans and receive no compensation from our government.

We were instructed to stop at the Minuteman signup post. An older gentleman signed us in and explicitly instructed us to set up our tents 30 feet away from the truck. Then he proceeded to tell us not to sleep in the tents. Drug dealers will shoot at your tent during the night; we were to sleep in shifts underneath the truck between the axles. I really thought he didn't know what he was talking about, but I was polite.

We were given a map and strategically picked out a spot. We had one more stop in Douglas, Arizona, to

check in with the Minutemen. Then came the three-hour ride into the desert; talk about being out in the open and a target. The only thing that was between us and the immigrants were four strands of barbed wire; and they wonder how so many get in?

We set up camp, took turns at security, two guys on and two guys off. We didn't know what to expect, but found out very quickly. From the distance we heard pop-pop-pop-pop, and knew it was the Mexican drug lords.

It was obvious our position had not been patrolled for a quite a while, and our presence was putting a damper on their business. Pop-pop-pop-pop. They were pissed, and thought they'd scare us off. No drugs were coming across the border as long as we were there.

It was four in the afternoon, about 110 degrees with a sand storm. It was our first real taste of the desert and sample of the days to come. With nightfall closing in, we cooked some dinner and in a matter of minutes it started getting cold. We set up our tents out in the open and crawled under the truck. Chilled, and the sound of gunfire continued through the night. Dawn came and much to my surprise our tents were full of bullet holes. Thank God the old gentleman had steered us right.

We brushed our teeth and poured a pitcher of water from the 55-gallon drum over our bodies and soaped up, then another pitcher to rinse; our desert bath. The day began: two of us on patrol, with binoculars and camera. When the Mexicans tried crossing, we immediately radioed the border patrol with our location. Much to our surprise, our border patrols only showed up half the time, and only were able to catch a quarter of the group.

In ten days, I had documented 150 illegals and only 40 were stopped. I searched for supply holes filled by sympathetic Americans with food, clothes, water and a map for the illegals as a guide to a safe house. There was garbage everywhere, with soiled personal debris.

With two of us on patrol, the others dug up the holes, filled them with gasoline and burned them out. We were determined to follow our instructions and destroyed six supply holes over the next ten days. As the illegals searched for the Sympathetic Americans holes, we notified the border patrol and had them arrested and sent back. Every day at least 10 or 12 made it across.

We never had a problem. Every hour we blew off more rounds keeping the Mexicans alert, as a reminder we were still there. While it was a long rigorous ten days, it also gave me time to reflect as a true American. History had taught me that immigrants were a part of our country. But certainly not like today. They came to America, some with nothing more than the clothes on their backs. Refugees from all over the world came to live in a land where they could be free. They scattered to all parts of our country with ambition and drive. There were the Mama and Papa shopkeepers, butchers and bakers, and so it was this coalition from across the seas that became the cornerstone of America, the land of the free.

But they came in legally, and built a life. They didn't steal, they didn't ask the government to pay for them; they worked hard to be free.

Today, the immigrants are given jobs and government funding that should be going to our own. The more I thought about the border and protecting America, the more I thought it was a great experience for me.

We were treated to a room in a Douglas hotel for our final evening. We partied with the Minutemen; some were retired military and law enforcers. We exchanged stories, swapped pictures, phone numbers, email addresses, and planned to return in two months. While heading home, I emailed the thugs that I was trying to infiltrate and let them all know what my crew and I had accomplished and asked them what they were doing besides "bitching all the time." The word was already

out; we were instant heroes. I had legitimized my presence in the movement, and my character was exactly where the FBI needed me to be.

We may have broken a few laws, but the inroads were strong. The Minutemen were not racist, they were just a constitutional group and my affiliation went a long way in the racist community. We were tough, and we were noticed. Movement groups started contacting me to lecture about my adventures. Who is this David Gletty? Is he a cop? Is he a true blue supremacist? Who is this guy?

So, again to South Carolina, the Mexican border, South Florida, across to Michigan, Pennsylvania, up to Maine and finally we were up to the minute, building up our name!



A Generated Result!
In a League of Our Own



A Generated Result! In a League of Our Own

On August 28, 2005...

Hurricane Katrina's winds and storm surge reached the Mississippi coastline and began a two-day path of destruction. For 17 hours hurricane force winds left thousands homeless, as tornadoes and a storm surge flooded inland counties and literally destroyed power, shelter, drinking water, food and the bare necessities for life.

We had an alliance with the League of the South, in Orlando, Florida. Formed in Tuscaloosa, Alabama in 1994 to organize the Southern people and effectively pursue independence and self-government, they are die-hard separatists. We were using them as a stepping stone towards the movement. Our reputation as Legal Militia and assisting those in need had captured the White Power Movement's attention.

A week after hurricane Katrina had left its mark on Mississippi, Dr. Michael Hill, president of League of the South, called for assistance. He offered to pay expenses and wire \$4,000 to my account if we would help Wiggins, Mississippi. *This is what we train for, this is who we are and our response was immediate.*

I called my crew for assignments and inside of eight hours we were ready to roll. We had a truck and a

trailer loaded with three generators, 100 gallons of gasoline, food, clothing, five tents, weather gear, detergent, toothpaste and toiletries enough to give comfort and feed 30-40 for a week.

We left Orlando about 5:00 in the evening and hoped to be in Wiggins by the following morning. We stopped by a convenience store for Mountain Dew, Coca Cola, and anything with caffeine. I stood guard by the truck because of news of looters. A group of teens emerged from the woods on bikes. "Hey, man, what you got under there," as they started to lift the canvas covers. I would have jumped on them immediately, but I was one against six. Again, "Hey, bro, give us some of that gas and everything will be cool." I warned them to step back and they pulled a baseball bat and slapped the hood of the truck just as my team approached.

In Florida, a baseball bat is considered a deadly weapon, and we have the right to use deadly force in the great state of Florida. We drew our weapons, boy were they shocked! and they made a quick retreat.

We drove with caution; we were a rolling time bomb, with all the gasoline. The news warned of stations out of fuel and closed, and getting past the Panhandle would be difficult.

It was 650 miles of small talk, but the emotional reward of helping was like a contact high. We pulled over to the side of the road to gas up, as we passed gas lines a half mile long at stations all the way from Gainesville, Florida to Wiggins, Mississippi. We traveled past Tallahassee then Pensacola, and cut our way through Alabama into Mississippi.

The Mississippi roads were blocked with downed trees and debris. The chainsaws that we brought were definitely a wise move, as we maneuvered our way to the Cripps farm—in complete devastation. Despite the tragic elements, they had a great attitude. Mr. Cripps' property had three homes, trailers, a barn, and church that were damaged. The women were washing clothes with old-fashioned scrub boards and soap, and the kids

were fishing; it was a catfish farm. We were their saviors, as women, men and children arrived for shelter.

Fred fixed a generator that was down; we were able to get power going and running water and the women fried catfish for lunch. We worked four hours, setting up the White Tent City and, by the end of the day, had supplied a roof overhead.

Mr. Cripps invited us to see his church, a steel building and still standing. We followed him down to the church cellar: "We have enough weapons in this county to supply a third world army." They had assault rifles, magazines, ammunition, and guns that were disassembled, greased up, and were stored in bags, then stuffed down in holes.

Shortly thereafter we gathered our tools, let them have as much gasoline as we could spare, then readied ourselves for the road. Just as we were about to depart, Dr. Michael Hill called on Mr. Cripps' cell phone to thank and bless us. They believe in God, are mostly Baptist in the League of the South, and definitely separatists, meaning that the states should be separate from the Evil Federal Government.

Back on the road, and heading straight for home, I was thrilled we were able to bring some peace, order and supplies to those in need. I was on a high, and wanted to spread the word about my group accomplishing another mission for the "White Power Movement." This was a perfect opportunity to bring attention to our names. I called a few groups we had associated with, National Socialist Movement, White Revolution, to tell of our feat. I was proud. Fred had his laptop, and I spread the word. It was a twelve-hour drive, and news traveled quickly.

We had infiltrated the White Revolution in the past, and had decided to distance ourselves from them months earlier.

Billy Roper founded White Revolution after he was expelled from the neo-Nazi National Alliance (NA) a few years before, and was pushing to make a name for

himself again. Because of our past affiliation, he decided to take credit for our deed. His email read, "Hey, White Revolution helped set up a White Tent City in Wiggins, Mississippi and saved League of the South members. The white tent city is armed and can protect themselves from niggers and spics wanting to rob them," and it was all over the internet unbeknown to Mr. Cripps or me.

A reporter picked up the news and contacted the law before I was able to call Agent Kevin Farrington of the FBI. The Cripps farm had a visit from local and federal authorities.

I was furious and not in a good place with League of the South. I apologized and took the heat, and was thankful I wasn't exposed. League of the South asked me to lay dormant with their group for a couple of months and let this blow over, because they did not want to be labeled as "racist." The next few days I pushed the movement to get involved delivering food to Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. I began receiving emails from diverse groups: "Great job, David," "Let's get supplies, how can we help." Rumors were: "David's group can get anything you need. His group is crazy; they're legally armed, and can get things done within a minute's notice."

This was a considerable step up. The Klan group "Church of Jesus Christ Christian" invited me to their yearly congressional meeting in Scottsboro, Alabama. Another group invited me to their yearly meeting and party on Jekyll Island, Georgia. The National Socialist Movement called and asked me to attend a rally they were having in Toledo, Ohio. I was making great progress and right where the FBI needed me. Spending so much time and effort over the last couple of years building my character, getting to be known and accomplishing missions was finally paying dividends.

It was good in more ways than one, though I was experiencing such a conflict with my values. It was so

difficult sharing David, the patriot, with David, the racist, who I had to continue to be.

Hurricane Katrina had a twofold result: as she hit the Southeast, her winds carried us from limited boundaries... into our adversaries' world!

While I cared for the safety and welfare of others, I perfected my role!





Alabama Slammer

I was on a high and thought nothing could stop me now. Deep into our assignment, everything was falling into place. After months and years of rehearsals, my character was perfected and I was ready for opening night.

The last few plays had me noticed; I had become a leading man. I had accolades for the Minutemen at the Mexican border, and the White Tent City at Wiggins, Mississippi, brought extraordinary reviews. My name was becoming a recognized talent. I was ready for the big time. Like any good actor, the more you play the role, the more convincing the character, and I was center stage.

I had obtained a big step up with the movement; there was a lot of buzz going on. The Aryan Nations Church of Jesus Christ was holding their Christian Klan rally. It was a huge Klan event, with an estimated 1,400 attending. Eight days later the League of the South's congressional meeting was held in Jekyll Island, Georgia *with the good old separatist boys*. I received a pardon from the league and was back in their good graces.

The trip was pleasure and business wrapped in one. This was a solo trip; I was going it alone. I have a passion for fitness and planned on biking from the Klan's Rally in Scottsboro, Alabama, across the state of Georgia, to the League of the South meeting, Wiggins, Mississippi.

was the beneficiary of my biking across two states to collect money for the White Tent City Fund, along with promoting my character.

The small town of Blountsville, Alabama, 60 miles north of Birmingham, is where my sister lives. I planned to ride the Greyhound bus up to Alabama, visit with family and go on to the rallies from there.

My FBI boss, Kevin Farrington, would be in Washington, DC, for three weeks and asked me to lay low while he was gone. "Don't get in any trouble or you are on your own." I was afraid if I didn't go full speed ahead, my character would lose traction.

I took the Greyhound bus from Orlando, to Birmingham, Alabama, an 18-hour tour of every little town on the way. What was I thinking: *mistake one of this expedition!* My co-passengers were not the cream of the crop: prostitutes, inmates and their counterparts ... *What's that old expression? Never say never!*

My father, sister and her four children were waiting when I arrived and finally this expedition was on its way. I had my 10-speed crated and, after gathering my bags, we were on our way. I was thrilled to see my family and delighted that I was not going to spend more than two days in this itty-bitty dry town of hillbillies.

I had dinner with my family, it was a long day, and said goodnight. The Klan Rally was yet two days away, and the following morning I went for a run. Little did I know that I would be such an attraction; no one jogs in this town. I ran about six miles when a police car pulled me over. The officer was about 5 foot 2, a little-bitty guy, with a gun strapped to him like Clint Eastwood in *Dirty Harry*. He was full of himself. I continued running alongside his car. "Hey, I don't have my license on me, I'm running."

"Who you running from?"

I explained. "Hey, I'm exercising, I'm from Florida."

He said, "We don't do that around here."

"Am I breaking the law?"

"No, we just don't do that around here, and a red flag went up."

"Well, I am not a criminal. Sorry, man, I am just running."

"Okay but don't break any laws, son."

"Okay, sir." I continued my run and thought, "Am I glad I don't live here; was that ever true!"

As a natural instinct of the trade, I am very observant. I passed a trailer park that was burned to the ground, first sign of a crystal-methamphetamine lab. I did my usual checking around and found out there was a Tyson Chicken Factory up the road that employed illegal Mexicans, known for drug abuse and illegal selling. I passed the police station on the way home and the same officer was standing out front. Behind him a sign: "Policemen wanted." A little hokey, don't you think?

"Hey, man, how much do you pay your officers, and how many do you need?"

"Why, are you interested?"

I replied, "Yeah, my sister lives here and I was thinking about moving." I was pumping him for information and he was acting like a buddy.

I had dinner with my sister, spoke to Rick Spring of Aryan Nations, and firmed up meeting him at the rally. I received a call from a group who too had arrived and were waiting for the Klan rally, and wanted to meet for a few drinks. I'd never turn down an invitation from Skinheads, keeping my persona alive.

The bar was in a small town 35 miles away and we were a group of 16. They began their usual vulgar and racist behavior and as I looked on, they began knocking some Mexicans around. They think they are superior and have the right as they beat these young Mexicans down. Of course, I was not involved but I was guilty by association, and when I heard them call the cops, I split.

After a good night's sleep and waiting for the next day's rally, I took another walk through town. The FBI

might be interested in the crystal-meth and overflow of undocumented workers. I walked around making small talk. "Hey, what do you know about all the Mexicans here?" "Is there a drug problem?" It never crossed my mind that I was a misfit here and, apparently paranoid, the locals called the chief of police to find out why an undercover cop was in town.

Unbeknown to me, the police from Morrisville put an APB out to be on the lookout for skinheads; they had beat the hell out of the local Mexicans.

I stopped at the local pharmacy and asked if they have a problem with people stealing drugs to make the crystal-methamphetamine. "No, if someone looks suspicious they are put on a list." I walked across the street to get a Coke and noticed the chief of police eyeing me from his car. I knew he was looking for me as he came to an immediate stop. He reminded me of Barney Fife of the Andy Griffith Show there in Mayberry. I had my hand on my wallet; once again I was being pulled over for walking. He jumped from his patrol car with his hand on his gun. "Get up against my car and put your hands on the hood."

"Okay, dude, calm, calm down, there is nothing crazy going on."

He continued, "I got two questions for you. Were you one of the guys involved in the beat down last night in Morrisville, Alabama? And were you with a bunch of other skinheads?"

I wasn't going to lie. "Yes, sir, I was there with the guys but not involved."

He said, "Second question. Why are you going around my town asking questions about drugs and illegal Mexicans and so on?"

"Sir, I am not able to give up my information at the moment, but if you let me make a phone call, everything will be explained to you."

He replied, "This is my town. If you are going to do any investigating or you are a criminal, then you need

to come clean." He was furious! "You need to tell me the truth, son, or you are going straight to jail."

I replied, "Sir, let me get my cell phone. All we have to do is make a phone call and you will understand."

"That is not good enough."

I have to make a confession, because I know if I don't you will think it anyway. I handled the incident like a cocky jerk!

I thought I had immunity and I decided to play with the chief's psyche; my approach was my enemy. The last thing I wanted him to know was that I was an operative. Another officer arrived with lights flashing ...a real Matt Dillon. It was the cop from yesterday. "I saw this guy yesterday, he was running, and said he wanted to be a cop."

The chief asked for my wallet, I'm sure he was running a criminal check; that was a good thing. In a matter of minutes the chief said, "He's clear." The chief was becoming agitated and I was losing control.

I tried to get him to let me call Kevin, but he insisted on harassing me. I deserved it!

"Look here, start explaining, are you a private investigator?"

"No, I am not a private investigator. Sir, the phone number is right here: Agent Kevin Farrington with the FBI. Please call him; he will explain." I looked and my phone was dead. "Can I give you the number and you call him?"

He said, "We are getting ready to arrest you and you want us to make a phone call? This is crazy."

"Sir, everything is very simple if you call this number."

"Give me the number." He dialed the number and he got Kevin Farrington of the FBI's voice mail, and he lost it. "If the FBI is in my town, I am the chief of police. This is my g%#*% town, and I need to know what's going on."

"Officer Hall, go ahead and frisk him." I was armed and as he started to frisk me, he patted my butt and my back, but when he checked my side, he missed the handgun. I had my concealed weapons permit, which is good in Florida, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Arizona, Louisiana and Mississippi, so I knew I was legal.

"I'll have to handcuff him." I had not been handcuffed in a long time, and it struck me funny...another stupid move!

"What the hell is so funny, God#*% it, son? You are getting ready to go to jail on a felony and you are laughing. This ain't no laughing matter. This is my God#*% town and I want to know what's going on." Then here came two more officers. By this time, 50 or 60 people had gathered.

Handcuffed, I was thinking, I guess it is about time I tell them I have a gun. "Sir, there is another license in the wallet you need to see."

When he saw the concealed weapons permit, "What's this?" I explained, "Sir, I am sure you have seen a concealed weapon permit before." I was saying things to piss him off, because I was sure the cavalry was over the hill and would get me out of this jam. Lesson 2...No one is exempt from stupidity!

The Chief: "Scott, did you check him for a weapon?"

I replied, "Sir, he missed it. If you check my right side, I have a 40-caliber Smith and Wesson; serial number SAF5952."

Officer Scott pulled up the left side of my shirt. I said, "Sir, my right side." He grabbed the gun. "I got a weapon, I got a weapon!" More sirens!

Then it came to me; they thought I had beat down the Mexicans. I could see that Officer Hall was embarrassed. If you've ever watched the Andy Griffith show when Barney does something stupid, this was a reenactment.

He was ripping mad and threw me down on the hood. "What are you doing in our town?"

I replied, "Sir, I gave you the number to call; obviously, you didn't like what you heard."

He told Hall, "Read him his rights." He pulled out the card. He didn't have the Miranda rights memorized. "You know what this is, son?"

"Yeah, it's the Miranda rights. It states that I have the right to remain silent. If I wish to give up that right, anything I say or do will be taken into the evidence of court. I understand these rights."

They put me in the patrol car, and turned the sirens on for the two block ride. In the police station they handcuffed me to a wooden chair.

There were eight officers and an undercover deputy, along with Barney Fife: "We are going to have a meeting in the chief's office, you stay right there. You are a big fella, and I would hate to have to take you down or I could hurt you."

I looked at him. "Oh yeah, I am going to run down the street handcuffed to a big wooden chair; that's real smart." Another dumb David move.

"Oh, you're a smart ass. That's why you're in trouble. Right now you're looking at double felonies."

In the police chief's office, I see arms flying and the police chief throwing a book around, the Book of Laws, what they can arrest me on. They are arguing.

Officer Hall's brother, the undercover Barney Fife, sits down next to me. "I've got some questions for you." He says, "How many FBI offices are in the state of Florida?"

"Well, sir, I believe there is one in Jacksonville, one in Miami, one in Maitland, and one in Tampa, so I believe there are four. If there are any others, maybe one in Tallahassee, that's five."

"Which one are you from?"

I reply, "The Maitland office. My phone was dead, I don't have it memorized. The police chief has my contact number."

He says "Well, we don't believe you, and think you are full of #%%*. We think you are a criminal and we are going to make you pay for that."

I said, "That's fine. Can you call information; ask for the Maitland FBI office in Florida? I'm sure they'll give it to you. They will verify Kevin Farrington. Leave your information. I guarantee he will get back with you."

He said, "You're so sure of yourself, aren't you? I think you are just a bullsh#% artist."

He goes back to his office then comes back. "Well, in Miami, they said there is no Kevin Farrington."

"I told you Maitland." Shortly thereafter, Officer Hall and Dickens sit down, one on each side of me, with a book of Alabama state laws.

"You know, with this law right here, we can arrest you for impersonating a government official."

I said, "I never said I was a government official."

"And this one here says we can arrest you for carrying a concealed weapon while impersonating a government official, like police officer, impersonating with a concealed weapon, which is a double felony."

They kept asking me the same questions over and over, where am I from, why was I there, how long have I been in their town, what did I do last night, what did I do the night before, what did I do today, who is my FBI handler, why are they here in town? I'm telling them the truth and they don't believe me.

Finally it comes to me, I am under arrest. It was getting late, about 6:00, and I heard detective Barney Fife on the phone with someone in Maitland. "Agent Kevin Farrington. Oh, he is in Washington. Well, we have someone that says that he works for Kevin, and he is under arrest. Can you get this message to him?"

He sits down next to me, "Well, they said there is an agent Kevin and he is in Washington, but that does not prove anything to us."

He looked over at the other officers, Andy Griffith and the three Barneys and I realize there is no jail in

the police department. "Just tell us the truth, Mr. Gletty, and we will let you go. Just tell us the truth."

I said, "Okay, sir, I am going to tell you the truth." I was tired and I spilled the beans, praying I had not ruined my assignment. "I am on my way to a Klan rally in Scottsboro, Alabama tomorrow. I am spending time with my sister until I go up there. I was sent here by the FBI to penetrate the white supremacist group to find out who the criminals are. While I was in your town, this was not part of my assignment, I noticed that there was a lot of crystal-meth activity, and illegal, undocumented workers in your area, burned out homes, which were possibly crystal-meth labs. I felt it necessary for me to investigate to give the information to the proper authorities."

Another mistake! The police chief reiterated this was his town, and no other law enforcement agency had the right to conduct any business without his consent. And he swore if they were going to do any work, they would have called him. I tried to explain, "It is the FBI, sir. They do whatever they want, they go wherever they want. They don't ask for permission, and they don't ask for forgiveness." I continued, "As an investigator for the FBI, I can sometimes pick up my own missions, do some preliminary information gathering and get back to the FBI, and they decide whether to make a move or not. That's all I was doing, I did not mean to get caught, of course, and I am sorry I hurt your feelings."

We were going back and forth, "Well, you know you are under arrest."

"Obviously, sir, where I come from, I would not have gotten arrested."

"Well, you sure are a smart ass, sir. You are making this harder on yourself, Mr. Gletty."

"I'm sorry. I am just trying to make the best of a bad situation. I am sorry I stepped on your toes."

The chief says, "Oh, no, we are not the sorry ones; you're going to jail."

I said, "That's fine, sir, and I will be out when they come to pick me up."

Again the chief says, "No, I am going to charge you with some felonies, you are going to be here for 10 years."

I replied "Whatever, sir. This is America, I'm sure the proper people will find me and will be here in the morning to take care of it."

"Well, you're so sure of yourself, Mr. Gletty. You know, there is one other thing you don't know,"

"Okay, well, what is that?"

"That we know you were in that little, small town, Morrisville, and you beat the hell out of some Mexicans with 15 other skinheads." I said, "Sir, I already told you that I was there. I did not take part in the beating; I'm only guilty by association."

"Well, give us the names and where they're at so we can go talk to them."

"Sir, I cannot do that. You can talk to agent Kevin Farrington, and he will be glad to give you that information if he feels it necessary. Or you can travel up to the Klan rally tomorrow and they will be there and you can speak to them."

"Oh, you think you are smart."

Then a new officer approaches. "Police Chief Michael Jones, you have a call; I believe his name is Agent Kevin on the phone."

The chief goes to his office and I see he's on the phone. He is waving his hands, he throws a book across the room, and he is shaking his head no. I knew Agent Kevin's office was telling him to let me go; they will work it out. I heard him saying no, no, no, then it hit me, oh God, I am going to spend the night in jail.

The chief looks at Officer Hall. "I want you to hold him here until 8:01, then take him down and book him."

I said, "Sir, why not let me go? Obviously you spoke to Agent Kevin."

"I'm not #%%*ing letting you go, Mr. Gletty, because if I hold you until 8:01, that means you cannot get out of jail until the next morning. If I take you down there now, they will release you because the agent told me to. So I am going to hold you until 8:01 and then we are going to take you to booking, and you are going to sit all night in jail. The real thing is to figure out what you did wrong."

I said, "Well, okay, whatever. Am I going to make it there in time for dinner?"

He says, "You're a real smartass. Do you understand the magnitude of the trouble you are in?"

"Sir, I believe from the good work that I have done for the FBI, I have credibility to ask for a get out of jail free card. I know you don't want to hear that, but that's the fact. I am sorry your feelings are hurt. Why don't you let me go, and I will leave your town tomorrow and everything is going to be all right."

"No, you're going to spend the night in jail and you will leave by 10 tomorrow, and I don't want you to ever come back. You're not welcome in this town anymore."

Tick-tock, tick-tock, 8:01, Officer Hall un-handcuffs me from the chair and then places them back on my hands. He still has my concealed weapon permit, and he swears it is not good in Alabama. I guaranteed him I was going to call the governor to let them know that Alabama does not respect the agreement they have with Florida and the concealed weapons permit and it will cause a problem.

Officer Hall said, "You know, you're a real clever son of a bitch, aren't you. You think that since you are from Florida, you boys are smarter than us Alabama boys. You think us Southern boys are like from a foreign world country or something. Well, I am going to tell you something, Mr. Gletty; we are not as dumb as you think we are." Wow, that's real educated, *only this time I keep my mouth shut.*

They took me out to the patrol car and transported me the 17 miles to the Blount County Sheriff's Facility

for booking. There were all types of criminals there: Mexicans, drug users; you can tell just by looking at them. My gut feeling was this town is overrun with illegal, undocumented workers and crystal-amphetamine, but the law was turning a blind eye, for some unknown reason.

Officer Hall sits me down, "Sit there and don't go nowhere, I'm going to run another check on your concealed weapons permit." He goes back to the computer room.

Then the holding officer approaches me, "What are you in for, sir?"

I said, "Well, they said I was trying to impersonate a federal agent and carrying an illegal concealed weapon but, obviously, you could see I have a concealed weapon permit, which is good in Alabama. They're just mad at me."

He looks at my paperwork. "Well, I am going to go ahead and un-handcuff you because I think these are bogus charges. I have been here for 10 years; never has anyone been booked for impersonating an officer." He un-handcuffs me. My wrists were swollen; I had been handcuffed for five hours and three of those hours to a wooden oak chair.

I was rubbing my wrist when Clint Eastwood, Officer Hall came back, "What the hell is he doing un-handcuffed? I want him handcuffed back up, right {#%#*} now."

Then the head booking officer comes over, "Sir, you are in my zone now, I am the boss in this area. I am un-handcuffing the guy."

Then they get into an argument. "I want him handcuffed, this guy is a criminal."

He takes his handcuffs back from the holding officer. "Well, I am taking his license. I am going to cut it up when I get back to the office."

"Once again, sir, when the governor contacts you wondering why you did not respect the agreement that they have with Florida, you can explain it to them."

Officer Dixon says, "Things are not making sense," as he read my report. No history of criminal charges. In the meantime I was booked, fingerprinted, and photographed. Once again I was frisked; given a uniform, although I didn't have to change my clothes.

I was put in a holding cell with four other people, and could see Officer Dixon was in a very intense conversation on the phone. I could see him on the phone because he was facing me the whole time; he was nodding his head yes, and I was thinking I like the way that yes looked. I compared it to the chief's no; this yes looked promising.

He came back from his office and asked me to sit down. "Mr. Gletty, your guys just spoke to me. I know what's going on. The agents explained to me what's going to happen, you know, you're not going to be charged. We are not going to let you out because of the law we have. If you are booked after 8:00 p.m., you have to stay the night in the jail until the next morning at 8 a.m." He continued, "I am sorry but there is nothing I can do to let you out."

I said, "Hey, that's fine. All I needed to hear is what you told me. I am sure I can sleep in jail for 12 hours. That's fine."

He says, "Just bear with us. Please try to stay out of trouble with the other inmates. Of course, we are not going to tell them your story, and I know you're not going to tell them; make something up."

I replied, "Okay." He put me back in holding.

In a very short time, there were 10 of us in a small holding cell, with only two concrete benches and concrete floor. I took a spot on the concrete bench, and half of a blanket. It was obvious I was not going to sleep; the noise level was piercing, while some inmates yelled. Midnight came, still no sleep, a guy is gagging from withdrawal syndrome. He was a smart guy, just got hooked.

I must say jail sucks. It was cold, loud, and smelled. One prisoner walked back and forth, while crying out: "Let me out of here. I am gonna tear this place apart."

To add to the mix, shortly thereafter, they put five more drunk Mexicans with us. Within minutes they are asleep on the floor like a pack of dogs. They are all curled up next to each other. One had his head on another's chest, and another placed his head on his buddy's butt. Oh, wow, that's unique. I already knew I was going to write a book and, boy, was this going to be an interesting chapter.

I was so naive that I still thought I would attend the Klan Rally the next day. Hopefully, the police had kept it quiet, because of the embarrassment for them.

All that I could think about was to get this episode of my assignment over and back to work. First to my sister's for a shower and on to the Klan rally. About 5 a.m., I finally fell asleep and two hours later they woke us for breakfast. I did eat a little, brushed my teeth with my finger, and hoped it was the sink, because the toilet and sink are all one piece and sometimes you don't know if it is the toilet or sink you are using.

I looked at the clock: 8 a.m. I was sure someone would be picking me up shortly. Eight-thirty came and went and, to be honest, I was nervous. I looked up. Please God, I got caught working undercover. I'm sorry. Nine o'clock passes and now I'm deep breathing and doing yoga, hoping to calm down.

All of a sudden, about 9:30, I see two black-suited FBI agents walk in. "Thank you, God." They spoke with Officer Dixon, who points towards me. I am thinking, okay, David, don't act too excited. Finally, they open up the holding cell. "Mr. Gletty," and I walk out. "These are the gentlemen who you will be leaving with."

"Do I need to sign anything?"

"No, everything is taken care of. You were never here. Just try to do things a little bit different the next time you are in our town." The two agents were

silent as they walked me out. They stopped and retrieved their weapons from lockboxes; still not a word.

Is it possible that they are not FBI, and this is a set up? Could the word have gotten to the Klan that I was caught by the cops and spilled the beans? And these men were sent to pick me up then take me out and kill me.

After a few minutes of mental deliberation I spoke up. "Excuse me, guys, you know who I am. May I see your identification?"

"We're coming to get you out of jail and you want to see our identification?"

I said, "Yes, sir." I said, "I got into a situation. I am not a criminal. I did nothing wrong and you guys could be here to kill me. You know how these small towns are. I need to see your identification." So they both took out their wallets. They have three folds. "I see the identification I need to see. Thank you, sir."

Their car was parked near the door, and Agent Lance Borghini of the Birmingham, Alabama FBI drove, Alex Smith sat in the back, and I was up front.

"Thank you, guys, so much for getting me out. This is what happened, right..."

"We don't want to know what happened. It's none of our business. We are just here to pick you up as a request from your handler, agent Kevin Farrington."

"Okay," I said, "Well, you know, I still have time to get back to my sister's house and go to that Klan rally and be back on track."

They said, "No, sir."

I am saying, "Your head is saying no. I don't understand that."

"No, sir. You're what we call on hold. You are being shipped back home."

I was devastated; that's the worst. Oh God, that's great. I {#%#*} it up.

They explain, "We know the situation. We don't want to talk about it because if there is one golden rule in the undercover world, any mission you are sent on,

you stay on that mission. You do not do anything else until that time. You do not go out on any side missions. You do not go out on your own investigations. You sit and you wait until it's time to complete the primary mission."

They essentially had told me I {#%#*} up and, obviously, I didn't know the golden rule. I was learning too quickly, but never leave the primary mission for a secondary mission. Never had I learned more quickly why you do not do that.

Then I noticed an agent pick up his cell phone. He handed me the phone. "Agent Kevin."

"I don't want to talk to him right now."

He says, "Go ahead and talk to him."

"Hey, Agent Kevin, it's David."

He says, "Don't say anything, and just listen. We're done. I let you get away with things in the past that you weren't supposed to do because you got so much good evidence and you've done such good work with us, we have let it slide. We've let you have a long rope. We let you have such freedom and this is how you treat us. We gave you so much rope and now you've hung yourself with all that rope. It's over. The marriage is over. I want you to get on that damn Greyhound bus, don't talk to anyone. Get your ass back to Orlando. The minute you get in Orlando, I want you to call agent Dan" (his partner). "I want you to call Agent Dan, let him know that you are back in town, and I don't want you to do nothing until I get back in contact with you. Do you hear me, Mr. Gletty?"

Now I'm thinking, *Mr. Gletty, Oh, my God. We are on a "Mr." basis. I am in trouble now.*

He says, "We're done. So any evidence you have, get your files ready. I need your computer to be turned over to us. I need all your files and that's where we are at."

"Okay, sir. I am sorry..."

"I don't want to hear that. You know how many times I have heard I'm sorry from you, Mr. Gletty?"

Because I have a whole drawer full of I'm sorrys from you. Your I'm sorry's won't work for me."

"Okay. Do you want to talk to Mr. Borghini or anything?"

"No. Just make sure you call Agent Dan when you get back in town." He is being so cold, so hard. I've never seen that side of him before. It was hurting my feelings, to be honest with you.

A tear or two started coming from my eye because I was upset that I messed up, and that this was such a good opportunity for me being involved with the FBI. More tears. I was so sorry. I was wrong when I stepped away from the primary mission without authority or permission.

"What's happening now, sir?"

He says, "We're going to meet your sister up there about five miles. She has got all of your stuff for you. She's got your bike. Then we are going to take you back to Birmingham. We are going to put you back on the Greyhound bus and we are shipping you home."

At the Greyhound bus station, I grabbed my things. "Okay, guys, I am good from here, I will see you later."

They say, "No, no, no, no. We have to walk you to the front desk, get your ticket, and then we have to make sure you get on that bus, make sure you get seated, and we have to be sure the bus leaves with you on it." Oh, man, it was so embarrassing.

We enter the Greyhound station. Picture this: a guy carrying a bike with a backpack and another case, two black-suited men and everyone knows they are agents. They made me purchase my ticket: \$77.52. They boarded the bus with me, told me where to sit, and left me with this: "Mr. Gletty, you know you're not welcome in that town anymore. I just wanted to let you know that. I hope to God you recover from this. We will see you later."

They walked off the bus and waited until we pulled away, as all passengers had their eyes on this criminal.

Back in Orlando, I make the phone call and Agent Dan says, "Sit tight. You're going to overcome this. You're not fired, no matter what agent Kevin says. He is pissed off because you made him look bad, but just hold tight and when he gets back in Orlando you will be back to work again."

I said, "Oh, thank you." That was all I wanted to hear.

Then Agent Dan says, "Don't tell Kevin I told you this but just sit tight. Go home, relax. Everything will be taken care of."

"Okay, thank you." Finally home. I slept for two days straight and now I was waiting to hear from Agent Kevin, and I was scared to death.

I had an 18-hour ride back to Orlando...and ample time to reflect. There was no question that I needed to bring myself down a peg or two. I was suffering emotionally, with fear and the possibility of loss. After all there is a right and a wrong way of accomplishing things. I knew I had done both. I promised God and myself to accept my job with dignity and never again think more of my ego than my country.



Stand-Down, Stand-Up



Stand-Down, Stand-Up

After being slammed in Alabama it was time to take a deep breath. The FBI put me on *stand-down*, which means "Get your act together, David," and the best way to do that was timeout.

Never once did I doubt my ability, and I was confident that my assignment was on the verge of a major breakthrough. Like anything in life, nothing is ever perfect. Standing down for a few weeks gave me even more strength to *stand-up*.

I considered the time off a retreat from reality and the opportunity to embrace my true soul. I rode the waves at Cocoa Beach and hiked the Appalachian Trail. I had the time to plan ahead, consider my options, set priorities and define goals.

The night before my scheduled meeting with Agent Kevin I put all my pictures, records, and emails in chronological order and felt secure that when I met with Agent Kevin I would be cautious, steady and optimistic. I had not come face to face with him since the Alabama arrest, and thus still felt I may be walking on thin ice. Our meeting went surprisingly well, and if truth be told, I left there singing.

Agent Kevin gave me new parameters for our assignment. We were to concentrate on Central Florida organizations: Tampa, Cocoa Beach, Daytona Beach, Orlando, Chuluota, Geneva, and all the surrounding

areas. That was when I knew we were getting ready for something big: zoning in on Central Florida.

Our networking across the states brought me a strong presence in the White Power Movement and the word on the street had me in position to become a top player. I had evolved into a character of recognition and was approached frequently to speak at rallies.

Agent Kevin wanted us to connect with the National Vanguard unit of Tampa. They were forming a protest in Plant City, Florida. He also wanted us to attend the NSM rally in Toledo, Ohio, December 16th, 2005. How we were going to get the connection was up to me.

The National Vanguard of Tampa protest in Plant City was against immigrants and taxes. Compared to other protests, it was rather small; about 30 of us marched. But sometimes small things produce big results and such leaders as Todd Rinehart, Bobby Hammond, John Hughley, Jim Spencer and Jeff Standers were in attendance. For such a small group I was getting a lot of attention. I was approached three or four times for interviews about my arrest. The word was that my arrest was to sacrifice myself for the White Power Movement.

That was when it hit me. My God, the strategic networking was bringing recognition. Our presence at the Redneck Shop in South Carolina, meeting Sonny Hodges, Rick Springs and Jonathan Williams, setting up White Tent City in Wiggins, Mississippi, and going to the desert with Minutemen protecting our borders began David Gletty's importance to the movement. The torture of my night in the slammer became the icing on the cake.

By the end of the Plant City protest, The National Vanguard of Tampa wanted us to work together. They had a great media network and I joined in the interviews that were going on the Web.

Back home, and thank God feeling in the groove, I knew all too well the months ahead would be intense. I had the computer up and running, checking for

publicity from Plant City. Unbeknownst to me, Todd Rinehart, of the National Vanguard Movement, who are nearly all legal citizens, noncriminal leaders who mostly fought for the Constitution, had calmed down from their crazy and illegal acts of the past. After telling Jeff Schoep about me and my crew, he should invite us to the rally.

Jeff Schoep was a leader of the National Socialist Movement. Their members are Nazis: hardcore, uniform-dressed, racist and anti-Semitic. Jeff called me and offered me the honor of participating in their next rally December 15th, 2005, in Toledo, Ohio.

The FBI was ecstatic; there were multiple protests and rallies going on across America by White Power organizations. The sad part is they were not breaking the law. Yes, what they do behind the scenes is another thing, but constitutionally putting on a protest with permits is accepted by the government, local city and police. So when you have a protest, if you do it in the allotted amount of time and file for the proper permits, each city has to spend at least \$200,000 for their protection and to protect the city and the people from rioting.

So their intention (National Socialist Movement and other groups) was to find a crack in the armor of the government and make them spend money to take note of the illegal immigrant problem that was going on and the crimes of Black people, Hispanics, Asians, and Jews. Set aside the truth that besides the protests, their thinking, their actions, and everything they believe in is against Our Perfect Union.

Over the years there were times when neither Joe nor Fred could come along, and this was one of them. Fred works with BellSouth and Joe is a fulltime plumber in a family owned business, so once again I was on my own.

I certainly could not go alone, so I had the challenge of putting together a similar group of people I could

trust and criminals to collect evidence on. So I chose a crew that we had been zoning in on.

Understand, there isn't a black helicopter from the government following and protecting me. I can't pick up the phone and say rescue me; it is just me and my Smith and Wesson 40-caliber semi-automatic weapon. That's what protects me from these criminals. No backup from the FBI, no local police, just the weapon on my side.

From Florida to Ohio was 1200 miles and 24 hours straight through. I couldn't allow them to drive because when I was in control, *that was my best back-up.*

The time allowed me to regroup and face any challenge that may come my way! Because it was time to nail the Nazis!

CHAPTER



Nailing the Nazis

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Nailing the Nazis

It goes without saying the contrast in the face of crime is mercurial and, although the government may not admit it, they have chosen to turn a blind eye. After years of service as an operative, you can be certain that I've been witness to a myriad of criminals and crime. However, advance to racism and hate and you are witness to a newfound infiltration of crime.

As I worked my way up the ladder of the *White Power Movement*, the intensity of issues and values climbed, yet my work every day had me mixing with racists and crime. Regardless of the fact I was perfecting my role, *the power of the hatemonger seemed to empty my soul.*

After speaking with Todd Reinhardt, it was no surprise when the call came from Jeff Schoep with an invite to the National Socialist Movement protest in Ohio and he wanted to put me in touch with some of Tampa's Neo-Nazis. He gave me a rundown on the National Socialist Movement core. Inspired by Fuhrer **Adolf Hitler**, Commander Jeff Schoep leads the Movement which has members in most states and in some overseas countries. The National Socialist Movement (aka NSM88) is the largest *Nazi Party* operating in the United States of America today.

Jeff gave me the names Derrick Reese and Ken Smithers, part of the Nazi movement from Tampa, Florida. He said they would be in touch, and looked forward to seeing us in Ohio.

Derrick Reese, a loud, boisterous know-it-all skinhead Nazi called the next day. When we met the following week, his 6 foot 1 inch huge body was a perfect match for his robust demeanor. On December 9th, Derrick, along with two other Nazis, my crew and I left for Toledo, Ohio.

The 24-hour drive afforded me the time to learn as much about the Nazis as I possibly could in one day. It only took me a few minutes on the road to recognize I was in the company of real hardcore Skinhead Nazis. Even though I was two years into the assignment, such groups as the National Vanguard, the League of the South, and the Minutemen Civil Defense Corp were basically not criminals, except for their separatist beliefs. The Klan and the Church of Jesus Christ Christian Aryan Nation ran a close second, but I was riding with one tough group of *hatemongers*.

Derrick Reese was a talker and gave me a wealth of information about key players such as Mark Martin who heads the SS unit. The SS unit is strictly to protect the commander, Jeff Schoep. The true Nazi still wears a uniform in the likes of Hitler's garb; they believe that it speaks for what they stand for, and use it for intimidation. It was a long ride, and the more miles we covered the more uncomfortable I became. These were scumbags, hardcore criminals, racist, anti-Semitic and both foul speaking and smelling. And I couldn't wait to take a breather from their company. Nevertheless it was all part of the job, along with the hidden recorder under the front seat that would go to the FBI. *I was here to nail Nazis!*

Finally we arrived. The Knight's Inn off of I-75 and I-70 was a huge intersection in the heart of Toledo, Ohio and where all the protesters were to meet. We checked in and went to our rooms to get settled. My stomach was in knots, I was nervous and worn, and I couldn't figure out if I was getting sick or just sick to my stomach spending 24 hours in a car with those

Undercover Nazi

lowlifes. Not too long after we checked in, other Nazis arrive.

Within the next fifteen minutes, they were pouring in. The Klan, the NSM, an assortment of skinheads, the Keystone State Skinheads, and as worn as I was, this was my time to connect. I went around introducing myself and I noticed a face from the past, James Langston, the jerk who was selling cocaine out of his trailer in Melbourne, Florida after release from a prison term for manslaughter. James was a part of the World Church of the Creator and when I went over to shake his hand, he remembered me, but something was wrong.

He seemed a little nervous and I was sure that he was caught selling drugs and now was a criminal informant. I met his friends, hardcore skinheads with black boots all laced up. They were carrying baseball bats wrapped with barbed wire for weapons, looking like they were ready for trouble.

The lobby was packed as Movement members arrived by the minute. I was trying to remember people's tag numbers and went out to my vehicle every chance I got to write them down.

In the midst of all the turmoil, there was a bright light. It had started to snow. Born and raised in Florida, I had never seen snow. I had my cold gear on that I wear in the mountains: nylon sweat pants, rain jacket, lightweight cold jacket with a hood, and underneath long tights. Thank you, mountain gear, I wasn't cold. It was getting late and a group of skinheads along with Mark Martin and his crew arrived. Everyone loves Mark Martin and shows their respect with a salute and handshake. I immediately noticed he was all about business and almost lets you know he's a bad ass; don't {#%#} with me. Finally it was my turn to shake his hand. His grab was strong as he slapped me on the back with his other hand, then leaned towards me. "Hey, David, I heard a lot about you. I'm glad you could

make it up here. Later we can talk by ourselves; it's great meeting you." *I was on my way...go nail 'em, David!* Shortly thereafter Mark Martin with his group were in search of a skinhead tattoo shop. They invited me, but I knew they would be drinking and, of course, no tattoo for me.

I went back to my room and fell asleep for an hour and awoke nervous, excited and tired. I decided to take a walk through the snow and drink a beer to unwind. I'm kicking up the snow just like a kid and I was sure if someone were watching me, they would think I was crazy. Why is this guy walking out in the snow kicking it up in the air? *Well, for someone who has never seen snow before, that's what they do.*

I was walking in the snow and a maintenance man noticed me and pulled up in a Bronco and stopped. I walked up to the vehicle and he said, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Dude, I'm walking through the snow. What do you think I'm doing?"

"No. What are you doing? Because you better not be breaking into cars or I'll kick your ass. Dude, don't get started off on the wrong foot or you're going to have your hands full. You just better not be messing around."

I said, "Okay, whatever, I'll see you around bro', I'll see you around." I gave him the crazy eye look and he took off.

I walked around for another hour and as I headed back towards my room, there was his Bronco. I thought, "Okay, dude, I'm going to f#%# with you." So I took a trash can that was full of trash and slammed it down on his hood. I'm trying to act like the skinheads as a few were walking towards me, so I put on a good show and walked off.

Now the skinheads walked over to me. "What the #%#* is that all about?"

"The guy said that he hates #%#*ing skinheads and he thinks we're all trash just like niggers."

"Hey, we'll kick his f#%#*#% ass. Who is that guy?"

"You'll see him around; I'll point him out to you."

"Man, this #%#*ing guy called us Nazis trash like niggers." Now they were worked up and ready to kick this guy's ass. I thought I would show them my tough side because I'm the new guy with this group, and this would take the heat off me.

Out of the corner of my eye there he was, the "Maintenance Man." I said there he is and the guys with me jumped on him like a pack of hungry wolves. Within seconds the maintenance man was toast. He got up brushed off the snow, mud and blood then went about his way. We then went our way with a sense of pride.

Mark Martin and his group returned and they were trashed. Their arms were wrapped with cellophane to keep the bleeding and oozing contained to their fresh tattoos. For the reason that this was a major protest, there were literally dozens attending. There was no denying that I had to fall in with this group of animals and act like I was one of the pack. This was a rough group, and minute by minute I was fine tuning my character like a stand-in actor the first time he's on stage.

Clearly their reputation of racism and hate precedes them and they guard their vehicles to prevent vandalism and theft. I had one of the first shifts to guard. I was doing my rounds when Mark Martin approached me. "Hey, we've got a meeting in our room, 36B, in 15 minutes. Be there."

Fifteen minutes later I arrived at his room and they were going over the particulars for the next day's protest. We were instructed to leave our weapons, drugs, alcohol, ammunition, knives, brass knuckles and anything that could be considered a weapon behind.

Protestors cannot be stopped by the law, but they have the right to demand that you abide by the law and stay in line. Before the protest, the police have the right to search you and your vehicles for any contraband. We were directed to go to the State Police

Patrol Center and park our vehicles out by the police station. The officers would do a dog search of our vehicle for drugs, weapons, and explosives. At the same time inside we would be padded down and checked with metal detectors and wands.

They told us that the strict rules were because of the riot and looting the previous month. I was up in the mountains at the time, and I heard about it on the radio. Eight Nazis came into Toledo, Ohio, and the police assumed it was a peaceful protest and took no precautions. Eight Nazis showed and in twenty minutes antagonized the Black community into a riot and retaliation. There was rioting, looting, busting homes open, and robbing.

The Nazis were hoping that the next day's legal protest would antagonize the Black community again. They were relying on a Black retaliation to prove to America how the "blacks and spics" react when the sh#% hits the fan. They wanted to use Hurricane Katrina and New Orleans as an example of the Black and Mexican behavior when conditions are flawed.

Mark Martin continued to tell us the next day would be peaceful. There were to be no fights, no one would get out of line, we were to respect the police, and ultimately protest on the steps of the capitol or one of the main state buildings. They were hoping that the anti-protestors would be the ones that got out of hand. The meeting continued for another twenty minutes. They were all Nazi, hardcore skinheads, and hatemongers.

By this time it was midnight, and everyone was ready to turn in. I was able to take two more beers out of Mark's cooler and I went and sat in my truck to unwind. Every thing I am and believe in, the Constitution, The Bill of Rights, this group would like to obliterate.

The following morning, everyone was getting ready, the skinheads and Nazis clean-shaved their heads. Our cars had been emptied and slowly we lined up for a 50-

car caravan. Around 10:00 a.m., the cops arrived to escort us to the state police building. We followed the police escort, 50 cars strong and approximately 100 people. The roads were icy and snowy as we parked our cars in a field. It took the police an hour and 30 minutes to check us and the vehicles out. After spending an hour and a half at the police station, we were allowed to go back to our vehicles and fall back in line as the police escorted us into the downtown parking garage.

The police officers took our pictures and we lined up side by side. We stood at an arm length distance in two lines. As we came around the building we were facing at least 1,000 anti-protestors waving flags of all kinds. I saw a Rainbow Homosexual/Lesbian flag, Puerto Rican flags, African flags, and American flags all cut up and disrespected. The sounds of horns blowing, and whistles screeching, seemed to echo off the walls of the crowded and icy streets while anti-protestors screamed at the officers, "Nazi supporters!" It is a scene that will never leave me.

No Nazis or skinheads at this protest were arrested; it was the anti-protesters that they prayed would snap, almost like Hitler and the Jews he trapped.

The Nazis gave speeches on bullhorns. It was almost surreal, and nothing I had ever done before could compare. The Nazis stood and looked on at the diverse scene: fighting to live in America; a free man's dream. The skinheads and Nazis are driven, mean, criminal, and racist and hoping their audience would crack; it never happened. There were some counter-protestors arrested for small violations, but nothing major. It was so cold, but my adrenaline was like an internal heater. Finally the protest was over and we were able to turn and march back to our vehicles.

We all went for dinner at a Don Pablo's Mexican restaurant. Explain that one to me. Here you have hardcore racist criminals, skinhead Nazis and they were eating at a Mexican restaurant.

We were celebrating our victory, shaking hands and giving high-fives. I was introduced to Commander Jeff Schoep. Bill White, his right-hand man, thanked me for driving all the way from Florida and gave me \$200 to help pay for the gas and hotel room. It was time to get on the road, shake hands, and leave. On our way out, Commander Schoep talked to Derrick Reese and me about setting up a protest in Orlando or Tampa. He told us what we needed, the permits, and how to get it done.

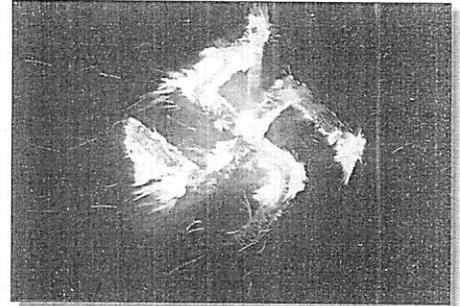
We drove about two or three hours and stopped for dinner at a buffet somewhere close to Kentucky. I was debriefing myself mentally and hoping I didn't leave anything out when I wrote up my report. It was a long drive and they were telling me more about Mark Martin and how Jeff Schoep became leader and commander of NSM, and Hal Turner who had a white racist sympathetic radio show in New Jersey.

Some of the guys that attended the protest I had met earlier in the year in Laurens, South Carolina at the Redneck Shop and they remembered me. By the end of the weekend, I had become a recognized face in the crowd. I was sure it was time to bring the leaders to Orlando, on our turf.

Skinheads have to see you often before they gain your trust, and I could feel I had achieved a strong presence in the movement.

The protest went off like a fine-tuned machine and, if it had been a play, it would have been a great scene. But I couldn't help but reflect on the Nazis' control, when deep in my heart I knew they had no soul!

CHAPTER



Full Speed Ahead

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David Gletty

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Full Speed Ahead

Back from the Ohio protest. The trip proved good for me. All the bits and pieces of my character had meshed into one; I no longer had to study my lines.

I had accomplished the goal of transformation and, despite looking to the day when I could bring my true self to surface, I was going full speed ahead centered and strong.

I attended the National Vanguard of Tampa's annual Yule Festival in Spring Hills, Florida. The Yule Fest was not a big happening, but a Vanguard tradition and their members built a bonfire as an offering to the gods they believe in. With our mission objective narrowed down to Central Florida, I had to connect wherever possible.

It was good to be home and back on track. Agent Kevin and I strategically marked locations and places for me to hang out at. After two years of working the White Power Movement, my concentration was on the worst of the pack. The Nazis and Skinheads were in a league of their own and the most feared racist group in the country. Clearly I was up against hate, violence, racists, child molesters and murderers, and my plan of action had to be both intense and cautious.

Agent Kevin had a lead from a tipster that tattoo shops were places skinheads often hang. "You're going to have to get a tattoo, so decide on what type you would like to do." He handed me a pattern already

drawn and thought an appropriate design was a round camouflage patch equivalent to a military survivalist symbol. "You've earned it." I actually thought a tattoo would help authenticate my brand.

During the next few weeks I made the rounds from Titusville to Daytona Beach and downtown Orlando making small talk at each shop and looking at tattoo designs while collecting tag numbers off cars. They were skinheads, all right, but after a few weeks I came up with nothing. They were noncriminal, liberal skinheads, wearing flip-flops, not where I needed to be.

New Year's came and went; it was 2006. Then Agent Kevin sent me to the Steel Quill in Winter Springs, Florida. It was January 5. I was actually getting my tattoo when I ran into Coby Stonecypher, a member, lieutenant and right-hand man of the Confederate Hammerskins leader. Coby was 32 and had already served a term of 6 1/2 years on a manslaughter charge and we exchanged a few words. "Hey man, I've heard about you; why don't you come to the Hammerskin festival we're having on St. Patty's day in Ocala?" Step one into the big time because this guy is an important contact and agent Kevin tells me to keep tabs on him. Today my tattoo is a constant reminder of the good I do.

I kept in close contact with the Tampa Nazis following the Ohio protest. Regardless of the fact that they were the low end of human existence, we were planning the Orlando Nazi Protest, which ultimately became a marked achievement. Derrick Reese (Tampa Nazi) and I were planning the protest and a preview party to recruit protesters. I immediately considered it a perfect opportunity to seal my character with the big boys. Show me another operative that would have a party in his home, if they had doubts; this would kill them. I sent out 50 invitations for January 14th.

I made a swastika and of course had never made one before, but I was determined to authenticate the party in every way. I took six pieces of wood and make the swastika shape, wrapped clumps of hay around it

because I was afraid he would squash my plan; but now it was time.

It was the morning after the party and Agent Kevin called for a briefing. I knew it was now or never. I gave him a debriefing along with all the tag numbers from the party and followed with the news of the protest and waited for a response.

What I feared did not happen; he thought I was a miracle man. His only concern was that the idea of the protest was not mine for legal reasons, and when he heard the sponsor was the National Socialist Movement, he was on board. He assured me the first and second amendment rights would protect my plan. Agent Kevin was actually pumped up because the protest would be a great training exercise for the Orlando Police Department, Orange County Sheriff's Department, the FBI, and MBI as they all would be in attendance.

Come Tuesday, I went in and saw Frieda May of the Orlando Police Department Permit Division. When she asked me to sign these papers and come back in a few days with a description of the route, I knew Agent Kevin had made a few calls.

Over the next few days, I planned the event's particulars and delivered the report to Frieda May. She had the permit ready. On the back were the rules, almost identical to Ohio. We would be strip-searched, cleared with metal detectors and, of course, no weapons and no more than 100 protesters could attend.

I placed a call to Bill White and faxed him a copy of the permit. He said the rules were too stringent and he would make a few calls. The next permit for the most part was clean; however, we still had to clear the metal detectors. Bill White may be smart enough to be an attorney, but he is a jerk and I do not like him. He then filed an injunction against the Orlando Police Department stating that our rights were equal to any other organization and we should not have to abide by any other rules except the ones that other groups like

to burn. I soaked it with lighter fluid for an impressive lighting and secured it to an 8-foot post and drove it into the ground. Shortly thereafter Joe and Fred arrive to give me a hand and Fred noticed the swastika was backwards. The three of us laughed and Fred says, "Some Nazi you are, bro'. You would have had your ass kicked, if we hadn't caught it."

Hours later my house was buzzing with hardcore creeps partying, eating and having a good time. One by one heavy hitters arrived: Mike Blevins from Tampa, aka Von Blevins, is the minister of propaganda. A registered priest was among the powerful group. A stranger for me, Jim Hathers, but a familiar face to the crowd was from Fruitland City, Florida and a cop. A defining moment it turned to be, that a racist represents the law!

By 9:30, Derrick Reese lay behind the house passed out. If this had been a Confederate Hammerskin party, they would have kicked his ass, just because they wanted to.

Von Blevins wanted to know if I had set a date for the Nazi Protest, as Jeff Schoep the National Socialist Movement's Commander was ready and waiting. According to the law, an organizer must live in the city he protests; they needed me. Then Von Blevins, Fred, Joe, Doc, and I sat down and picked the date: February 25, 2006, six weeks from that night.

Von Blevins assured me that if I got the permit the National Socialist Movement's legal representative Bill White would make sure everything passed muster.

My character was finally able to manipulate these criminals; I had been given a lot of loose rope from the FBI and I had been running with it. Recently I had compiled a lot of intelligence that was going to take the racist down; *I was on an ego trip.*

I obviously was never going to lose myself to this group, but I was determined to get these criminals busted and my character had to keep strong. Up until that point, Agent Kevin had no knowledge of the protest

Mothers against Drunk Drivers and the Breast Cancer society had to abide by.

Agent Kevin and I had numerous meetings with the Police Department. This was the biggest event that Orlando had seen in a long time, and the police and FBI had to be sure they got it right, without violating anyone's civil rights.

On February 17, 2006, Doc, Bill White and I arrived for the court hearing on the parameters of our rights. We placed an injunction against the Orlando Police Department that only rules imposed on other groups would be enforced.

Bill White is a real jerk, but straight to the point and got the job done. Bill and Doc wanted a tour of the protest route; we were to march right through the biggest, darkest, blackest areas in Orlando and continue on to the Federal Courthouse to deliver speeches. Bill was impressed but wanted to see my home to clear for the after party. Bill returned to Virginia, and Doc to Tampa.

While I knew that I had accomplished a feat far beyond anything Agent Kevin expected, I had mixed feelings. This was going to be an emotional ride. The patriot in me was fighting to be free, but the Nazi had to survive.

CHAPTER 13



Heil Hitler! (If They Only Knew)

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David Gletty

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Heil Hitler! (If They Only Knew)

February 24, 2006, 8 a.m.

Although I still had 24 hours until the protest, the adrenaline rush had already begun. In a few hours, Joe and I planned to put our brains in sync. For the reason that, when it was all said and done, we had to watch each other's backs.

I lay in bed for a while putting all my priorities in order. This had to be a seamless event; every second, every minute had to go off without a hitch. The first order of the day was to call Agent Kevin; this would be our last conversation until Monday a.m. I was sure that he was as on edge as I. Like the moments before a pending bank heist; only we were the good guys. We only spoke for a minute or two, but he let me know in unspoken words: *Go get 'em pal...you know what to do!*

I knew exactly what those words meant; *no violence was top priority*. However, the issue was deep inside me; everyone that I knew and loved would think that I was a Nazi. The years of hiding the true "Gator Gletty" were far from over, but I found solace in knowing one day the truth would be on a book cover.

Everyone was arriving by the end of the day. Some would stay with me while others had rooms at a local hotel. Besides protests and racism, these Nazis loved

to party. I prepared enough food to feed an army and threw a party in Nazi style.

All the big leaguers were coming, and I prayed we were all on the same page for tomorrow. SS Mark Martin was the protest organizer, NSM Sgt. Chris Drake would lead the march, while Neo-Nazi Wesley Sitton, KKK Rick Springs and NSM Bill White were supporters and principle leaders of neo-Nazi belief.

In actuality I am not a nervous person, but my stomach was in knots. Despite having played the role for two years, and though I knew my performance would be flawless, I was experiencing a little stage fright.

The evening went off without a hitch. Lots of food, beer and just a good time. About fifteen guys went to their hotel, the rest lay anywhere they could find a spot.

I tossed and turned all night going over each step of the protest route; then came the morning light. I put breakfast out for everyone, then showered and dressed. The Nazis put their khaki uniforms on, laced their black boots and slipped red swastikas armbands on. Before we were ready to leave I reiterated, "March with pride and above all: no violence, please!"

February 25, 2006 9:30 a.m.

We left for downtown Orlando in a slow convoy of trucks and cars. Four police cars escorted us to an undisclosed meeting place. There were 30 of us and we expected 30 more. We parked our cars and assembled under Interstate 4 at Church Street. While I had drilled myself a thousand times, the scene was overwhelming. Everything inside of me wanted to scream to the 1,200 counter-demonstrators: "I may look the part of a Nazi, but it's for America and the Constitution that I will march today!"

Law enforcement officers were on the scene while we waited to proceed. The media was like an army ready to advance: NBC, CBS and ABC. Journalists and

reporters pushed mikes towards NSM leaders. Bill White was in his Nazi glory and gave a lengthy interview as I listened to the sound of police helicopters circling above the protest route.

We fell in line with Chris Drake of NSM at the lead. Joe and I flanked one another ready to proceed. I kept thinking as we waited: What kind of life have these racists chosen! They live day by day with hate and violence. The only thing that made me feel good inside was that Joe's two cameras were for taking all the photos he could of protestors and counter-demonstrators. Then the images would be fed into the FBI face recognition computer. At least 1000 faces for the computer to digest.

We marched through Orlando's historically poor black neighborhood on a circular route as we passed homeless camps, Muslim places of worship, and the Salvation Army. Meanwhile, Swat Team Members barricaded 1,200 counter-demonstrators on the other side.

In the midst of my fifteen minutes of Nazi fame, noise, and hostility, each step held a queasy mix of excitement, nervousness, adrenaline and anxiety. I couldn't wait until this day was over as my inner voice screamed, "David, you know this is just your cover."

We continued on to face the front of the Federal Courthouse steps and made Nazi salutes at City Hall as the SWAT team separated us from a jeering crowd. The speeches were a repeat of Ohio: Illegal Immigration, Aryan America against Crime, as I thought, "Will the real criminals please stand up?"

The rest of the day's demonstration went on without a hitch. We waited under Interstate 4 as the Swat Team readied our exit. I knew this was one more step towards the real criminals of our mission.

I still had a night of Nazis ahead of me, but the expectation of the day's results brought a second wind. It was like the intermission of a Broadway play; the protest was half over.

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David Gletty

Approximately 45 NSM were back at my house for the victory party, and the drunken brawl was the end for me. All the leaders were ready to take off; I was ecstatic and proud I had pulled off a coup!

February 26, 2006 10 a.m.

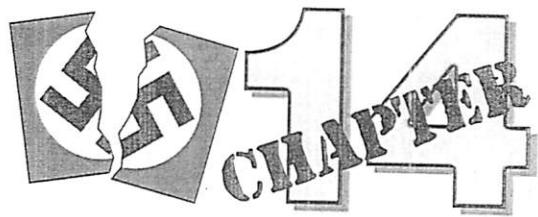
Joe and I watched the last car of the NSM members disappear down the street. We held back until they were out of sight to celebrate.

Then the two of us exchanged high-fives, screamed "YES" and grasped one another in a hug...we had passed another test!

No matter what my family, old friends or the crowds had thought of me, I knew I was a Loyal True Patriot of America...and not one ounce of hate or racism lived in me.



Lions, Tigers, and
Bears, "Oh My."



Lions, Tigers, and Bears, "Oh My."

The Orlando Protest was a success for both our characters and the FBI, despite my not always going by the book. Agent Kevin gave me kudos for this one! There was no doubt we were on track to the nucleus of our mission; however the months ahead required skill and caution. This was a new audition.

Lions... Confederate Hammerskins

Joe and I took a few weeks off and were ready for a new challenge. We were invited to the Hammerskins St. Patrick's Day Concert in Ocala, Florida. This was a White Power concert organized by Confederate Hammerskins, a racist skinhead group, and the neo-Nazi National Vanguard ... *not a happening to take lightly*.

The Hammerskin Nation is the most violent and best-organized neo-Nazi skinhead group in the United States. A number of its members have been convicted of harassing, beating and murdering minorities. Many popular racist rock bands are affiliated with the Hammerskin Nation. Thus, attending their concerts can be precarious.

After the Orlando Protest there was no question, our group was building a name among the White Supremacists. I knew the moment Tom Martin called and asked Joe and I out for a beer, we were being checked out. Apparently we had the all clear because a few days later we received a call to attend the St. Patrick's Day Concert. This a real cloak and dagger

group and the best way to attend one of their festivities is....*proceed with caution!*

They traditionally keep their location top secret and the only information we were given was to meet at a Winn Dixie Shopping Center in Silver Springs, Florida at 12:45. We were supplied with a number to call when we arrived.

We took our whole crew that night, power in numbers as they say. All together we were seven. The minute we drove into the shopping center I knew this was no secret. There were numerous police cars parked in obscure places, not a coincidence. Shortly after our call a small red compact car pulled up, and two of the biggest bruisers I've ever seen stepped out. I'm not talking fat, I'm talking big, tall and muscular, and *not anyone you would like to meet in a dark alley*.

We followed them through the gate onto a long access road that brought us to an impressive five-acre property, as the police tailed us. (*So much for their secret location!*) When we entered the main house there was no doubt, this was the lion's cage and they were wild. Boy! We were looking at a rough group and it was no surprise that their reputation of criminal activities included murder, beatings, rape and vandalism.

After we made our presence known, Joe and I had work to do. We were in a perfect place to catch the interest of a few independents. We were going to need manpower in numbers going forward.

I grabbed a beer and bumped into Tom and Rock. "Great Protest!" Coming from them, I knew we were gaining their trust but, God, these were lowlife individuals and a party with them inevitably ends up—violent!

I went to my truck for the usual tag inventory, and Joe pulled off his famous picture scam. The FBI was having a ball with his taking photos for their face recognition program, and they did not even know that he was taking their pictures.

Towards the end of the night, after some pushing around, we gathered a selective group of independents and held a meeting to the side. They were exclusively young and seemed inclined for violence, a good group for the jungle of hate. We were pumping them up with supremacist crap when I heard a police helicopter overhead. I signaled to Joe and we were out of there! I didn't need any confrontation.

The Hammerskins ultimately became our main targets. We were on an expedition to nail the racists and hatemongers, put them behind bars and off the streets of America.

Tigers...Ku Klux Klan

The Klan Rally was a big event, held at the World Famous Redneck Shop and Klan Museum. Compared to our introduction a few years ago, I was now considered a leader.

Whenever I think of the Klan, I relive my first time in the museum, where they proudly displayed a photograph of "White men branding a young black boy."

My mind has never erased that image!

The Ku Klux Klan is a racist, anti-Semitic movement with a commitment to extreme violence to achieve its goals of racial segregation and white supremacy. Of all the types of right-wing hate groups that exist in the United States, the Klan remains the one with the greatest number of national and local organizations around the country. White supremacist ideology is not far from that of neo-Nazis, although it tends to be more Christian-oriented.

All the leaders were in attendance. After being invited to speak on stage in front of 300 people, I spoke with conviction that I, too, was in the fight for white supremacy. Agent Kevin had forbidden me from speaking on their stage for this event, but I could not pass up the adrenaline rush. There would be hell to pay for my actions, but it was for the good of the Mission.

But my real fight was to stop the racists, and for the young black boy...and a Constitution that states, "All Men Are Created Equal."

Bears... The National Socialist Movement (NSM)
Lansing, Michigan, The National Socialist Movement (NSM) Awards Dinner and Rally.

This was in all probability an event that will forever stay with me. I was about to be honored with two awards at dinner: The Nazi Protest Award for Orlando and The Matt Hale Award. (*This is who they honor?*)

An admitted racist since the age of 12, Matt Hale became one of the most effective and best-known leaders of the far right after he became head of the World Church of the Creator (as it was then known) in 1996. Under Hale's PR-savvy guidance the group regularly gained publicity for its activities and violent incidents.

Matt Hale in his Own Words:

***On Jews:** "Among 'humans'... there is an inborn parasite. That parasite is the Jew." (*The Struggle*, December 1998)

However, before the dinner there was an appalling situation. The NSM members entered the hall in their Nazi uniforms and red swastika armbands as the proprietors looked on in alarm. They were Jewish and it was like Hitler had arrived.

Troubled, I stood on the side not saying a word; it would expose me. I could not imagine how they were going to let the evening continue; but they did...the same way they continued on after six million of their own had been eradicated.

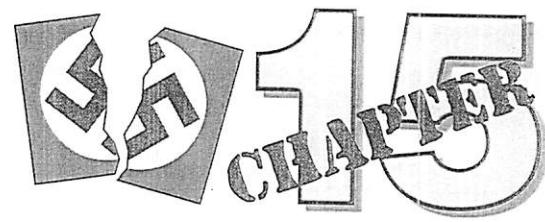
The rest of the evening was an emotional roller coaster, but I was able to distinguish that the awards were for my character, not me. Furthermore, by then I knew intervention with NSM was about to come to an end. This would be my last event with the Nazis because my main goal now was focusing all my attention and

energy on the Confederate Hammerskins of Central Florida. They are the most violent, vulgar and disgusting group in all of the Southeastern United States.

And I was about to become good friends with them. *On the ride back home it came to me: "There are no shortcuts to places worth going," and I was moving on...for the Blacks, the Jews, and all minorities, because every American citizen deserves equality.*



**Closing in
on the Showdown!**



Closing in on the Showdown!

Home from the NSM Nazi Rally in Michigan, it was evident our assignment was taking on a new face. As our target became earmarked, it was hard to forget the three years Joe and I had traveled from state to state, rally to rally, and party to party, infiltrating the White Power Movement in America.

There was no doubt we were expanding our characters, but we were also building intellectual files for the FBI. Thousands of miles, hundreds of photographed faces, and a myriad of tape recordings were contributing to the eradication of racial and religious prejudice in America.

The Confederate Hammerskins had become the FBI's nemesis of Central Florida. "Take them down and disrupt them any way you can."

So what better way to capture our prey than to have a fabulous huge surveillance party? A band, food, speeches, beer and women galore.

The e-mails went out to the virtual world of the White Power Movement. In less than 24 hours, we had received 150 good responses. Tom Martin, plus 20 of his Hammerskins crew would support and join the party. Rick Springs of the Klan was sending his guys down, as the Nazis wanted to be involved, too. The word was out; the Hammerskins took notice. When Ted Wansley of White Power Television called to cover the event, we knew it would authenticate our position in

the world of racists and hate. Agent Kevin agreed it was the perfect scam to bring "Hate Group" leaders together. The FBI installed hidden video and audio equipment throughout the yard.

On the day of the event everything fell into place. Party tents were raised, the food was prepared. As Thule Krieg's band readied to play, the armed guards checked everyone off the list at the front gate.

Anton Gogan (World Church of the creator), Tom Martin, John Rock, Eric Bulyea, John Stathom, Cobie Stonecypher, Richie Myers, Casey, Big Country, Crazy Mike (Hammerskins), Rick Spring and his crew/Church of Jesus Christ Christian, Von Bleevins, Doc, Mike, Jim Starrs , Ray Perkins (NSM) and many independents were there already, 85 people all together. (The sting had begun)

It went like a typical beat down party: thugs, broads and not one thing I would have shown my friends or family. The guest speakers gave their evil hate-filled messages, as I watched from afar. While my character and honor fought at crossroads, I had to perform like a star. My speech held the entire lingo I new the thugs needed to hear...as FBI cameras captured everyone there.

It was not unexpected when Tom Martin and his crew asked for a private place to take the party up a notch or two. John Rock and eight of his thugs followed us into the barn where hidden cameras lined the walls. I thought, *Go ahead guys, hang yourselves*. As I watched them snort up their lines, the FBI cameras were taking it all in. After a little while of snorting cocaine, they wanted to leave some of the stuff for later. I said, "Why not?" They were digging their own graves deeper; that was for sure.

The party was coming to its end. I stood at the front gate, watching everyone whom we hoped to take down.

Finally, just the Hammerskins, Joe and I were left in the empty backyard, when an hour before there was enough excitement to cause problems for the weak-

hearted. John Rock wanted to know if we were interested in buying cocaine while the rest of the Hammerskins finished off what they had left in the barn. We said we were always looking for party supplies, but now was not the time. I asked him to call me in a couple of days and I would talk business. That was good enough for him; they all headed out.

Joe and I were there by ourselves, hoping the evening did the job, fitting us into the Confederate Hammerskins mob. We knew every move would have to be thought out and planned, because these guys play by different rules. But by tomorrow the FBI would have every one of them labeled.

I lay in my bed that night in deep thought. I grew up in this town and, like everyone else, until some years ago would never have imagined such crime existed in our backyards.

CHAPTER



To Thyself Be True

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David Gletty

that he did not simply want arrests and convictions; he wanted us to disable their racist minds and group.

As the FBI spoke, it was almost as though they needed a Legal Militia Team. This was our passion: to fight to the end. We are a trained survival crew. In past assignments, we were told to drop the bomb and run for cover. That was infiltration, but this was an invasion. We had our assignment, we recognized the danger, and we understood the mission required both brains and brawn. I must confess if we had attempted the same assignment three years before, I would not be alive to tell this story. It took that many years to prepare us for the violent Skinheads. We had to learn the lingo and also show up with a verifiable character. We had both and a little more.

Joe and I lived the next 10 months emanating hardcore skinheads. Besides the hate and their violent minds, they got a thrill kicking the ass of a Hammerskin brother. They called it "Fight Training and Partying." To us, it was just plain beating. Up to three times a week we took part in "Ultimate Fighting." We would train with these guys and their reason for this training was so that all their members would be able to kick the ass of any enemy with devastating results.

It was no longer just a party or an event here and there; it was a 24/7 job of crime and fear. Our orders were explicit: Plant the bomb of paranoia and disruption at the heart of this group, then "#%#*" with their minds" until they break. If anyone had told me what was ahead, I would have been convinced they were exaggerating but, once we were in "The Lion's Den," reality was mind blowing.

The parties were where they bought, sold and used drugs. We heard young girls scream while being raped by these thugs at the parties. Even now as I tell the story, I get sick inside with just the memory. I watched with my hands tied while they beat a young black boy as he walked with a white girl at his side. The events were used to plan robberies, Domestic Terrorism,

Undercover Nazi

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murder and other criminal violations. I stood as close as I could, hoping my wire picked up locations.

There was no way that I could have ever stopped any of these criminal acts while I was there. The FBI had always told me that the Mission is more important than stopping a crime at the moment. The Mission is to collect as much evidence as possible on these guys for as long as you can. Yes I could have drawn my firearm and shot as many of these guys as possible, but only a rookie would give up the Mission like that.

They acted like they were above the law and considered it "a badge of honor" to be imprisoned for violence against minorities.

Up until then, Joe and I believed we could not get in any deeper or the dangers become more life threatening. I lived with the thought every minute I was awake that somehow I could protect minorities from hate.

Unbeknown to me, many operatives lost themselves in the world of drugs and corruption with the Hammerskins, getting so deep in character they would lose their true selves along with their careers.

I was getting into my role above and beyond the call of duty, but I never lost sight of the main goal, to put as many of these thugs behind bars and use the paranoia and disruption bomb to blow their group apart.

One night Joe confronted me and told me that he feared my character was being converted to the other side and that the FBI had informed him to keep tabs on me in case this happened. I was furious and we physically went at it. I stopped when I saw my partner and friend cry. That was the moment when I had to step back to reality. I was so deep into my character that I almost lost the real "Gator Gletty."

That was the moment when I brought David the patriot back with me. To fight the fight of racism and hate for America who believes neither color, religion, nor nationality should prevent anyone from living in peace in their land with every liberty!

CHAPTER



The Sting on Me!

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David Gletty



The Sting on Me!

The old expression "Time flies when you're having fun" certainly did not apply here. Nevertheless, the satisfaction of serving my country was worth every shed tear.

Four years had passed since the initial infiltration when the FBI came to the decision: Let's start taking these criminals in one by one, and out of our society. The FBI summoned us in for a showdown meeting. The Swat Team, forty agents, Joe and I were waiting for the sting. At the last minute, they pulled Joe from the showdown. His presence and unblemished record were too valuable not to be put to good use as an unrelated witness later down the road.

After countless days, months and years working with criminals I feared, this was going to be a piece of cake. On the way back from a Fight Training session, I recorded Tom and John's plan of robbing drug dealers at gunpoint, impersonating undercover cops. The FBI had enough evidence to let them proceed with the scam. By the next day, every associated Hammerskin was under surveillance. I arrived at Tom's right on time. Rock said Tom had gone to his brother's and would catch up with us later... *Not a good sign!*

Rock decided to break the heist in two: call the dealer for just five grams of crack, then on the second delivery take them down. He moved on his plan ASAP: to meet the dealer in 30 minutes at Altamonte Mall.

We headed out with eight FBI cars on our tail, filming us on camera. Rock told me to stay in the car, the buy took all of 10 seconds and he was back with five grams of crack. The dealer pulled out of the lot with the FBI behind him.

I told Rock I had to meet someone at the RaceTrac gas station in Casselberry to pick up money. I called Agent Kevin and told him we were on our way; Rock assumed I was talking to whoever owed me money. I parked in the spot marked with red paint and said I was going to use the bathroom. Three minutes later I exited the store. *It was all over!*

Twenty FBI SWAT officers were ready with assault rifles. In a matter of seconds, they pulled Rock from my vehicle. At the same time 20 FBI, police and sheriff vehicles surrounded my car. My adrenaline was at such a pitch—like I had just climbed Pikes Peak. After only a matter of minutes, Rock was cuffed and stuffed into a squad car and was on his way to his new home, Seminole County Jail.

Kevin had me call Tom to meet us here at the RaceTrac station. Tom asked to speak with Rock. I told him he was in the "Circus Circus Titty Bar" and I would relay the message. "Tell Rock I'm on my way with supplies for the robberies." The minute Tom stepped outside his house, the FBI took him down. They confiscated drugs and weapons. This should add a few more years in the slammer!

Just as Rock was on the way to his new home, so was Tom. I am sure that there will be plenty of other guys in jail that love men in the White Power movement.

For Joe and I the sting brought closure; for the White Power Movement it was far from over. Like the domino effect the tumbling had just begun...and could possibly last for years on end!

It wasn't just the last minute sting. Joe and I began taking them down from day one. Although we were building a presence in the Hate Nation, for years we collected data on everyone.

For every event, for every rally, for every beat down party, for every time they rode in my car, for violence and beatings in bars. For each drug exchange, for every domestic terrorist plan or act, for rapes and beating minorities, there were recordings and pictures taken, then turned over to the authorities.

For the hundreds upon hundreds of vehicle license plates, the FBI now has the story. With the face recognition program, *White Power Movement, look out...* there's no place to run for cover.

For the many racists and criminals arrested, questioned, turned informant or on the run...I say God Bless America; let's get every one.

For the Orlando Sentinel who broke the story and exposed me as an *Undercover Operative*, ruining my career and putting my life and family at risk ...I say, why?

For the days and weeks after the sting started, I sat at the front gate of my home with my sidearm and shotgun across my lap waiting for some of the thugs to come visit me. Worrying about how I can raise my career from the ashes of the fire, I say: America, I would do it again!

And for an election that made the Supremacists shudder...I say thank you, Barack Obama!

For the young black boy branded, for six million Jews, for minorities and other victims of racism, hate, and violence... Joe and I fought years for you.

We Say... God Bless America!

EPilogue

Subsequent to the Orlando Sentinel exposure and looking over my shoulder for six weeks, it was time to revisit life as "Gator" David Gletty. On the mend in both body and soul, I needed the wide open spaces, a physical challenge, and my feet planted firmly on the ground of life. All of this was an integral part of healing. I called upon my team to join the getaway. As we took on The Appalachian Mountains, I breathed in new life along the 125-mile trail.

With a renewed outlook and letting go of the past, there was no other calling except to continue what I do best, investigating. My years of service brought a Private Investigator's license with ease. Today I serve the civil community in the form of a modern "Dick Tracy, Private Investigator."

I am a believer in fate and that everything happens for a purpose. Until I became an Undercover Nazi, I never suspected that racism was reaching epidemic proportions in our country. I don't think that I was any different than most Americans who take our democracy for granted. If you are not black, a minority or Jewish, you do not understand the cruelty of prejudice. I have looked this evil beast in the eye.

Each time I step in front of a student body, I am delivering the message that in America we believe "All Men are Created Equal." When I address a minority group, religious organization, church or synagogue, I say: I am on your side...let's fight together.

If every citizen supported our forefathers' goal of "A More Perfect Union," we would eradicate prejudice in America....Fight with me!

David is currently writing other accounts of his exploits working undercover for the FBI as they become declassified.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Please understand that while working undercover, pictures are hard to come by.

- Chapter 1:** Picture of the "Can Do Crew" while training on the Appalachian Trail.
- Chapter 2:** Picture of the "Beat Down Crew" at one of Tom Martin's parties.
- Chapter 3:** Picture of thugs at one of Tom Martin's parties.
- Chapter 4:** Picture of signs and banners that we made at Richie Myers' workshop.
- Chapter 5:** Picture of me speaking on stage at the Old Redneck Shop.
- Chapter 6:** Picture of Fred, Joe and me at Hate Fest in Hobie Sound, FL.
- Chapter 7:** Picture of my Minute Man Civil Defense Corps membership card.
- Chapter 8:** Picture of the Cripps' farm before the tents went up.
- Chapter 9:** Arrest in Alabama. No picture.
- Chapter 10:** Picture of me on the Appalachian Trail while doing Survival Training.
- Chapter 11:** Picture of many Nazis at a rally in Toledo, Ohio. I took the photo.
- Chapter 12:** Picture of swastika burning at a party in my backyard.
- Chapter 13:** Pictures of Orlando, Florida protest. Joe took all the photos for the FBI.
- Chapter 14:** Picture of Klan, Skinhead, Nazi members, and myself.
- Chapter 15:** Picture of my Investigative partner Joe fight training w/Richie Myers.
- Chapter 16:** Statue of Jesus Christ that I photographed while snorkel diving.
- Chapter 17:** Party at Cobie's house w/Richie, Tom, Rock, A.J and me.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



David Gletty was born and raised in Orlando, Florida. He has a true love for the outdoors and is a self-confessed "adrenaline junkie." His Florida roots caused him to get involved in wrestling alligators that won him the moniker "Gator Gletty." In-line speed skating ability later led to a starring role on a professional roller derby team. As an ardent surfer and a fitness fanatic, David also spends weeks each year in the Appalachian Mountains teaching survival training. His strong sense of patriotism, willingness to challenge himself physically and quick wittedness in dangerous situations, led him to be chosen to work as an undercover operative for the FBI. His training and experiences have led him to work as a licensed private investigator throughout the U.S.

He is currently writing several books about his experiences as they become declassified.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Precedence: ROUTINE

Date: 03/08/2006

To: All Field Offices

Attn: DT Squads

Counterterrorism

Attn: [redacted]

b7E

From: Tampa

ORA2

Contact: SA [redacted]

b6

b7C

Approved By: [redacted]

b6

b7C

Drafted By: [redacted]

b6

b7C

Case ID #: 300A-TP-68696 (Pending)

Title: National Socialist Movement Rally;
Orlando, Florida;
2/25/2006
CT Preparedness- Special Events

Synopsis: The purpose of this EC is to provide an operational summary of events related to above-captioned matter.

Details: On February 25, 2006, the National Socialist Movement (NSM) held a rally and march in Orlando, Florida. This event was preceded by two highly volatile and violent NSM rallies in Toledo, Ohio in late 2005, which resulted in a combined total of approximately 200 arrests. Due to the high threat and likelihood for violence at the Orlando event, the assistance of the FBI was directly requested by the lead agency, the Orlando Police Department (OPD). Other participating agencies included the US Marshall's Service (USMS), Orange County SO, Osceola County SO, and the Florida Department of Law Enforcement (FDLE). Approximately 30 NSM members marched in this rally, and were counter-protested by approximately 400 individuals. Twenty-three arrests were made at this event for a variety of offenses, ranging from battery on a law enforcement officer through disorderly conduct.

Following the violence in Toledo, NSM garnered extensive national media coverage. This has prompted a general spike of interest in NSM among white power advocates, specifically in the southeast US. Further, NSM has grasped upon the concept of lawful protests as a viable means to capture the national spotlight, especially given the potential for agitated and violent counter-protests. Therefore, it is possible that NSM will attempt to organize similar marches/rallies in other cities.

300A-SE-92275-2

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
APR 04 2006	
FBI SEATTLE	

To: All Field Offices From: Tampa
Re: 300A-TP-68696, 03/08/2006

The intent of this summary is to provide guidance for other field offices/resident agencies whose assistance may be requested by local/state law enforcement for an NSM event.

NSM members researched the permit process for Orlando approximately six weeks prior to the event. They also actively pursued and obtained media attention six weeks prior to the event. NSM utilized the internet to advertise the event and to agitate counter-protest groups. From the start, NSM made extensive efforts to rile up opposition groups and individuals, specifically with an intent to incite violence.

The primary organizer for NSM was [redacted] b6
William White ... b7C

[redacted] the event. OPD initially requested that NSM protestors should be prepared to be searched and photographed, go through a metal detector, and have their vehicles searched. The intent of this was to prevent NSM members from bringing weapons or explosives to the event. [redacted] White filed an injunction against the city of Orlando regarding these rules, and was eventually given reduced rules. NSM was required to assemble in a separate parking and staging area, but was not subject to search.

Of note for offices which may have future NSM rallies, consideration should be given to having NSM members assemble at a state or government facility, such as a police barracks or headquarters. This would force NSM members to consent to searches of both persons and vehicles, and ensure a safer environment for law enforcement and the general public.

From the onset of this process, [redacted] b6 White was viciously b7C confrontational with OPD. He provided media interviews and internet coverage of the on-going issue related to the rules for the protestors. [redacted] White was fairly knowledgeable of the law, particularly regarding lawful assembly and protests, and was very eager for confrontation. He also sought the names of individual OPD officers, to include in legal proceedings as well as internet postings.

[redacted] White utilized the internet to research and identify b6 individual counter-protestors prior to the rally. He then shared b7C this information with other NSM members and sympathizers. Further, [redacted] White directly contacted several of these counter-protestors through both the internet and telephone to antagonize them regarding the event.

NSM planned to march a 1 mile route through a predominantly black neighborhood in Orlando. Their route passed by the NAACP headquarters, a mosque, a center for Islamic-

To: All Field Offices From: Tampa
Re: 300A-TP-68696, 03/08/2006

American relations, a homeless shelter, a black law school, a state forensic laboratory, and the federal courthouse. In an effort to control the potentially violent response in the area, OPD and city officials met with community leaders and known activists to discuss the upcoming protest. A project named "BE COOL" was initiated by community leaders, to encourage non-violent, peaceful counter-protest. T-shirts and other clothing were designed by these community leaders for the counter-demonstrators to wear. This effort was very effective in controlling potential violence in the area, and helped curb minority public opinion that police in the area were in anyway "supporting" or "protecting" NSM.

Initial planning by the city of Orlando had considered limiting NSM to a static protest rather than a march. However, the one mile march did prove to be somewhat beneficial to law enforcement, as it wore out some of the protestors and counter-protestors. NSM did conclude its rally with speeches at the federal courthouse. For this event, OPD was able to shut down roads around the building to establish natural barriers between NSM and the counter-protestors. These roads were reinforced with barricades and riot control units, which adequately maintained security for all involved.

The city of Orlando was able to enact a specific ordinance banning masks at this particular protest. This was an extremely effective tool in identifying and removing the violent anarchist counter-protesters from the crowd before they could get fully organized.

A significant problem for crowd control was the dilemma of infiltration of the different groups. At least one racist skinhead infiltrated the counter-protest group and initiated a fistfight with a counter-protester. Both individuals were subsequently arrested. In addition, NSM was infiltrated by a local news reporter, who one week later published his story and photographs in a local independent newspaper. OPD had previously encouraged NSM to verify all of their marchers, but NSM clearly did not have an organized plan for this.

Another effective tool for crowd control was the use of multiple helicopters during the protest. This provided a dual benefit of crowd over-watch, as well as maintaining a heavy volume of noise during the march to drown out verbal agitation between the two groups.

Several NSM members wore concealed body armor on the day of the protest.

To: All Field Offices From: Tampa
Re: 300A-TP-68696, 03/08/2006

De-confliction among law enforcement agencies was generally smooth. Federal, state, and local agencies had adequate time to coordinate both operational and intelligence matters, and information sharing between intelligence entities went well. ATF-Orlando presented a potential officer safety issue, as they refused to attend any operational or intelligence planning meetings, but did send three armed special agents to the protest in an undercover capacity without notice to OPD. OPD command staff addressed the issue with ATF-Orlando management.

The Anti-Defamation League (ADL), Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC), and possibly other civilian "watchdog" groups were in contact with local enforcement regarding this event. It is likely that these groups also sent protestors to the event in an "undercover" capacity. As always, significant caution should be exercised with these organizations, as they are not sanctioned law enforcement entities.

In conclusion, FBI-Orlando assesses that NSM will possibly attempt to organize similar rallies in the future. Further, while exercising their constitutional rights at these protests, NSM and its leaders will likely take extensive steps to agitate as much violence as possible from counter-protest elements.

To: All Field Offices From: Tampa
Re: 300A-TP-68696, 03/08/2006

EXHIBIT X(b)
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Page 1

LEAD(s):

Set Lead 1: (Info)

ALL RECEIVING OFFICES

Read and clear. No hard copy to follow.

♦♦

Precedence: PRIORITY

Date: 03/20/2006

To: All Field Offices

Attn: DT Supervisors

Counterterrorism

All Resident Agencies

Attn:

UC

UC

IA

IA

b6

b7C

From: Counterterrorism

b7E

Contact: SSA [redacted] ext. [redacted]

b6

b7C

Approved By:

b6

b7C

Drafted By:

b6

b7C

Case ID #: 100-MP-63291 (Pending)

Title: NATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT
TERRORISM ENTERPRISE INVESTIGATION
OO: MINNEAPOLIS

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

Synopsis: This communication provides notification and guidance regarding upcoming white supremacist meetings/ rallies that is being hosted by the National Socialist Movement (NSM), in Michigan.

b7E

Details: As recipients are aware, the Minneapolis Field Division currently has a pending Terrorism Enterprise Investigation pertaining to the National Socialist Movement (NSM). The NSM is a white supremacist organization headquartered in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The NSM is structured in a German military fashion, with a Commander and several Staff Officers. The current

Commander is Jeff Schoep. Throughout its history, b6 acts of violence have been attributed to individuals belonging to, or associated with captioned group. Recent events have indicated an escalation in violence, and stockpiling of weapons and ammunition in anticipation of waging war against Black Jews, Hispanics and the federal government.

b7C

APR 04 2006

Case ID : 100A-MP-63291
801A-CG-125288

Serial : 1000

9

FBI SEATTLE

b6

b7C

300A-SE-92275-9

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Page 2

Further, in October of 2005, members and associates of captioned group conducted a rally in the Woodrow Wilson Park and surrounding neighborhoods in Toledo, Ohio. NSM members intended to march through the neighborhood streets following their rally in the park in order to protest recent black on white violence and narcotics trafficking.

Before the NSM could begin their march, local residents and counter-demonstrators began throwing rocks and bricks at vehicles, local residences and businesses. Toledo police responded by firing tear gas into the gathered counter-demonstrators and local residents. Toledo police advised the NSM to leave the area for their own protection and the NSM complied. Local residents and counter-demonstrators continued with the clash with the police, looting a store and setting fire to a local bar. This rally and riot, and the attendant media coverage for the NSM, was deemed a great success by the majority of the white supremacy movement. NSM reported increased fund raising and increased applications for membership immediately following these events.

Thereafter, in November 2005, an additional rally was organized in Kingston, New York by white supremacist internet radio talk show host Harold Turner b6 organized this rally to protest recent assaults which occurred in the area of the Kingston High School. FBI, Albany initiated a 300A (Counterterrorism Preparedness - Special Events) investigation for the Kingston NSM rally. Based on the coordinated effort on behalf of the JTTF with the state and local law enforcement, the rally was held without incident. b7c

On February 25, 2006, approximately 30 members and associates of the NSM held a rally and march in the predominantly b6 minority Parramore neighborhood of Orlando, Florida. This rally b7c was organized by NSM Orlando member David Gletty to protest "black crime" in the Orlando area.

More than 300 federal, state and local law enforcement officers conducted event security, keeping the NSM members separated from crowds of over 500 counter-protestors and neighborhood residents. During the rally, 17 counter-protestors were arrested by local authorities for charges ranging from wearing a mask in public to assault on a law enforcement officer. None of the National Socialist Movement (NSM) members were arrested.

FBI investigation has determined that the NSM plans to conduct additional marches in selected cities throughout the United States. The intention of these rallies is three-fold: to incite racial unrest in minority neighborhoods; to drain law enforcement resources due to the security needs of these marches; and, to increase their recruitment of new members. The NSM is hoping to repeat the results of their Toledo, Ohio march which fomented a riot by minorities angered by the NSM's presence in their neighborhood.

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Consistent with the above, recipients are to be aware of the following meetings/rallies that are being prepared by the NSM:

03/25/2006 - NSM is planning a statewide meeting in Michigan (no further details);

04/22/2006 - NSM is planning a Pro-White Rally in Lansing, Michigan. According to the NSM web page the two hour rally will begin at 1400 hours and will be "in the spirit" of national rallies held at the Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, National Military Park in September 2004 and the Yorktown, Virginia, National Military Park in June 2005. It was noted by the NSM this rally will be held in conjunction with the groups annual national organizational meeting as well as the annual celebration on 04/20/2006 of Adolph Hitler's birthday. Sources have reported the NSM expects upwards of 300 people to attend this event;

07/02/2006 - 07/04/2006 - NSM Rally/Camp Out in Washington State; unconfirmed information has been received that the group plans to rally at the Washington State Capital; and, it should be noted the NSM web site indicates the group is planning a large "historical event" that is tentatively being planned for late summer in conjunction with the Keystone State Skinheads.

FBI human intelligence source information as well as public source information has clearly identified predicated subjects of domestic terrorism investigations will be in attendance at the aforementioned events.

Detroit and Seattle are to determine if the NSM have applied for any permits for the aforementioned events. Detroit and Seattle are to offer any and all assistance of the FBI to improve law enforcement response and intelligence sharing in a concerted effort to prevent any potential acts of terrorism or criminal activity which arise during these events.

Detroit and Seattle should also contact the Special Events Management Unit at FBIHQ to explore the possibility of designating these activities as a Special Event.

Receiving offices should forward positive intelligence from sources with knowledge of planned activity by individuals, b7E domestic or international groups under [REDACTED] as well as intelligence from any sources or [REDACTED] as well as intelligence from any sources indicative of unlawful activity or other acts of violence, to the [REDACTED] as well as to the Minneapolis, Detroit, Seattle and Kansas City Divisions

Further, receiving offices are to advise the [REDACTED] b7E Minneapolis, Seattle and Detroit as to if any sources will be in attendance at the NSM events. Recipients are to provide either a positive or negative response as to the attendance of sources at the NSM events.

LEAD(s) :

Set Lead 1: (Action)

DETROIT

AT LANSING, MICHIGAN

Detroit is to determine if the NSM have applied for any permits for the aforementioned event. Detroit is encouraged to offer any and all assistance of the FBI to improve law enforcement response and intelligence sharing in a concerted effort to prevent any potential acts of terrorism or criminal activity which arise during these events.

Set Lead 2: (Action)

SEATTLE

AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle is to determine if the NSM have applied for any permits for the aforementioned events. Seattle is to offer any and all assistance of the FBI to improve law enforcement response and intelligence sharing in a concerted effort to prevent any potential acts of terrorism or criminal activity which arise during these events.

Set Lead 3: (Action)

DETROIT

AT LANSING, MICHIGAN

Detroit should contact the Special Events Management Unit at FBIHQ to explore the possibility of designating these activities as a Special Event.

Set Lead 4: (Action)

SEATTLE

AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle should contact the Special Events Management

Unit at FBIHQ to explore the possibility of designating these activities as a Special Event.

Set Lead 5: (Action)

ALL RECEIVING OFFICES

Receiving offices should forward positive intelligence from sources with knowledge of planned activity by individuals, domestic or international groups [REDACTED] b7E, as well as intelligence from any sources or full investigations, as well as intelligence from any sources indicative of unlawful activity or other acts of violence, to the [REDACTED] as well as to the Minneapolis, Detroit, Seattle and Kansas City Divisions

Set Lead 6: (Action)

ALL RECEIVING OFFICES

Receiving offices are to advise the [REDACTED] b7E, FBI Minneapolis, Seattle and Detroit as to if any sources will be in attendance at the NSM events. Recipients are to provide either a positive or negative response as to the attendance of sources at the NSM events.

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Precedence: ROUTINE Date: 10/23/2006
 To: All Field Offices Attn: DT SSA/Special Events Coordinator
 Counterterrorism Attn: DTAU, IA [redacted] b6
 From: San Antonio b7C
 Squad CT-2/CTXJTF/Austin Resident Agency
 Contact: SA [redacted]

Approved By: [redacted]

b6
b7C

Drafted By: [redacted] ejr/sf

b2
b6
b7C

✓ Case ID #: 300A-SA-NEW, (Pending) 59072-1

Title: NATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT (NSM)
 TEXAS AWAKENING RALLY
 TEXAS STATE CAPITOL
 AUSTIN, TEXAS
 11/11/2006

Synopsis: To request that a Special Events (SERL IV) matter be opened for the above captioned event and assigned to the Austin Resident Agency (RA).

Details: FBI source information from other Divisions and open source information has been received by the Austin RA that the NSM will hold a rally at the Texas State Capitol in Austin, Texas on Veteran's Day, 11/11/2006. Research, analysis, and Austin RA source information has confirmed that the rally is to occur on that date from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. The NSM website states that the rally is to "stop the leftist army hoard of the immoral", and is particularly critical of independent gubernatorial candidate Kinky Friedman, who is Jewish. The site indicates that units from across the nation will be in attendance, and intelligence corroborates that members will be traveling from a variety of cities to be in attendance. The site also mentions Veterans Day, though it states that the NSM activities will be after the holiday activities previously scheduled. Both will involve the Capitol grounds and the NSM may be counting on drawing from the large crowd that will be in the area.

b2
b7E

[redacted] One group in particular, Anti Racist

To: All Field Offices From: San Antonio
 Re: 300A-SA-NEW, 10/23/2006

Action (ARA), has already developed a meeting time and staging area prior to the rally and state that they will march to the State Capitol and confront the NSM. ARA has not obtained any permits to date and appear to be acting completely independently.

For information, NSM is a white supremacist organization based in Minneapolis, Minnesota and conducts rallies of this type up to several times per year. Previous rallies have been the site of confrontations with groups such as ARA, and these have on occasion become violent. On 11/05/2005, members of ARA [redacted] instigate

physical assaults at an Austin City Hall KKK rally, resulting in the arrest of one ARA member.

b2
b7E

The Texas Department of Public Safety (DPS) is in charge of security at the Capitol, including the surrounding grounds, and the CTXJTF is in frequent communication with them regarding the planning and coordination of security for the event. Several local law enforcement agencies will also be involved and will assist DPS. NSM officials have filed the appropriate paperwork to obtain the necessary permits to use the grounds, though the request is still being processed. DPS is aware of no reason that the permit would not be granted.

As of instant date, there has been no positive threat information received, however, based upon the nature of both NSM and ARA, the high profile nature of the event and its venue, the expressed counter protest plans, and anticipated media coverage, there is potential for an incident similar to those that have occurred in the past. Recipients are requested to send positive threat information only.

Open & Assign	
Case Agent	[redacted]
Crime Problem Indicator Code	DT
Source Code	[redacted]
Country	USA
Case Classification	300
SSA Approval	On
Date	10-10-06

b6
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b7E